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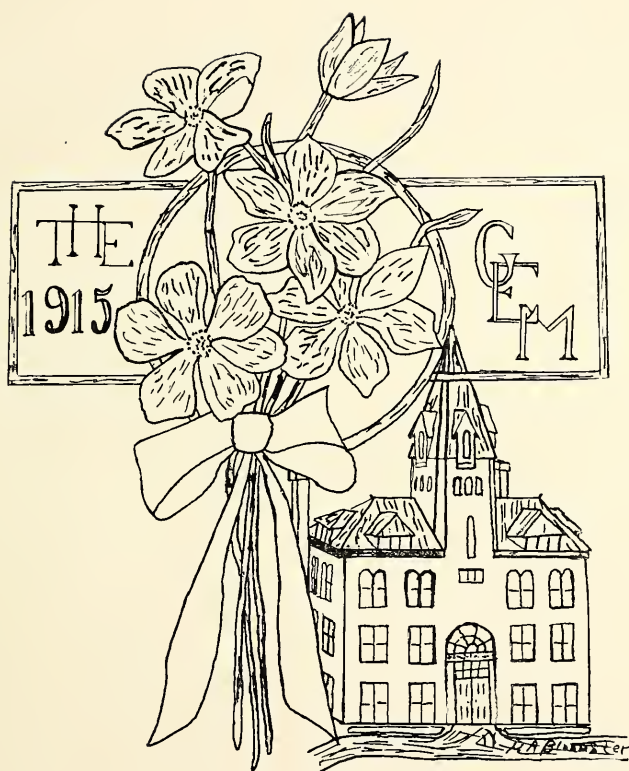
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## Dedication

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Words cannot express nor time tell our appreciation of him, who, with his undimmed vision of the Son of God and his holy devotion to the Master's kingdom, has so inspired us to follow Christ and forsake the world and its fleeting enticements, that now we can in truth and rapture cry, "Whomsoever the Son of Man maketh free shall be free indeed"—to him, Professor George Shaw, B. D., we tenderly dedicate the Gem of 1915. May it be to you, Professor Shaw, a lasting token of our affectionate esteem.

## Foreword

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We do not profess to be experts in the art of making books; but we can honestly say that we have done our best. We have tried to publish that which you will enjoy reading in the after-years, that which shall forever link your heart-thoughts to dear old Taylor and Taylor associations.

We have in all our quotations concerning you, attempted, either to express our estimation of you or your own estimation of the world and the things about you. We have in no place laughed at you but have in all cases laughed with you, so please laugh with us.

There are two features that we have tried to emphasize, viz., the every-day events and life of the school and the importance of the religious thought which makes our school a mighty force for God.

## The Faculty



REV. MONROE VAYHINGER,  
B. D., D. D., President.

Moores Hill College, Garrett  
Biblical Institute.

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,  
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrines  
and whose life,  
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
That he is honest in the sacred cause."

MRS. CULLA J. VAYHINGER,  
A. B., A. M.

Moores Hill College, State  
President of W. C. T. U. of In-  
diana, and well-known as a  
lecturer.

"Perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light."

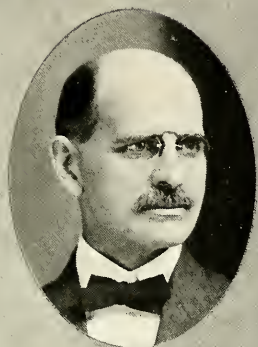


BURT W. AYRES, A. M., Ph. D.

DePauw University, Taylor University.  
Dean of the University.

Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy.

"One still strong man in blatant land,  
Whatever they call him what care I.  
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one  
who can rule and dare not lie."



NEWTON WRAY, B. D., D. D.

DePauw University, Drew Theological Seminary.

Professor of Bible History, Theology  
and New Testament Greek.

"Steady, straight forward and strong, with irresistible logic,  
Orthodox, flashing convictions right into the  
hearts of the people."



GEORGE SHAW, A. B., B. D.

Hamline University.

Drew Theological Seminary

Professort of Bible and Church History.

"Who never sold the truth to serve the hour  
Nor paltered with eternal God for power,  
Who let the turbid stream of rumor flow  
Thro' either babbling world high and low;  
Whose life is work, whose language rife  
With rugged maxims hewn from life,  
Who never spoke against a foe."



I. B. PEAVY, M. Pd.

Grove City College; Northwestern  
State Normal.

Pennsylvania State University.

Professor of Biology and Astronomy.

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,  
Nothing to him falls early or too late."



GEORGE FRANCIS LEE, A. M., B. D.  
New York University; Union Theological  
Seminary.  
Professor of Greek and Hebrew.

"Long galleries of ancestors  
Challenge nor wonder nor esteem from me.  
Virtue alone is true humility."



GEORGE WHITFIELD RIDOUT, D. D.  
Methodist College, Newfoundland.  
Temple University, Philadelphia.  
Professor of Bible and Church His-  
tory.

"Though love repine and reason chafe,  
I heard a voice without reply,  
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
When for the truth he ought to die."



E. A. GOWEN.  
American Institute of Normal Methods.  
Guildhall School of Music, London.  
Kullak Conservatory of Music, Berlin.  
Director of Piano Department.

"The man that hath no music in himself, nor is  
not moved by concern of sweet sounds, is fit for  
treasons, stratagems, and spoils."



OLIVE MAY DRAPER, A. B., A. M.  
Taylor University.  
Professor of Chemistry.

"There is no chance, no destiny, no fate.  
Can circumvent or hinder or control  
The firm resolves of a determined soul."





FLORENCE E. COBB, A. B.  
Kent's Hill College.  
Curry Expression School, Boston.  
Professor of Oratory.

"It is her prayers, which never cease,  
That clothe her with such grace:  
Their blessing is the light of peace,  
That shines upon her face."



EDITH D. OLMSTED.  
Ithaca Conservatory.  
Professor of Vocal Music.

"There's music ever in the kindly soul  
For every deed of goodness done is like  
A chord set ringing in the heart."



SADIE LOUISE MILLER.  
Preceptress, Taylor University.  
Professor of Piano and Harmony.

"'Tis living for others  
To lighten their load;  
'Tis helping our brothers,  
And trusting in God."



MARY DALE BENTON, A. B.  
Oakland City College; Indiana University.  
Professor of Latin.

"As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,  
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;  
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,  
And she who means no mischief does it all."





MARIE ZIMMERMAN, A. B., Ph. D.  
University of Michigan.  
University of Chicago.  
Professor of German and English.

"She smiles,—life's highest rainbows shine;  
She frowns,—we dare not fail."



MINNIE O. WALLS.  
Indiana Business College; Bliss Business College.  
Bookkeeper, Professor of Commercial Department.

"Wisdom may sometimes wear a look austere,  
But smiles and jests are oft her helpmates here."



IRENE McCAGUE, A. B.  
Northwestern University.  
Professor of English.

"Nothing she does or seems  
But smacks of something greater than herself."



IRENE DILL.  
Meridian Woman's College.  
Professor of Domestic Art.

"And that smile, like the sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart."



MRS. MARY O. SHILLING.

International School; Art Institute,  
Chicago.  
Professor of Art.

"Gentlest in mien and mind  
Of gentle womankind."



MARY GILBERT WRAY.

Normal Certificate, New York State  
Board of Regents.  
Professor of History.

"With love she vanquished hate  
And overcame evil with good."



C. C. AYRES, President Board of Trustees.

Prominent layman in North Indiana Conference  
and successful lumber dealer of Redkey, Ind.



REV. R. A. MORRISON, Vice-President Board of Trustees.

Pastor at Elkhart, Ind.



J. D. BELL, Treasurer of Board of Trustees.

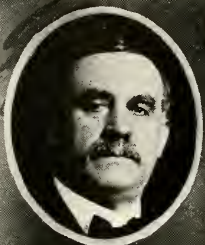
Prominent hardware dealer of Upland, Ind.

C. B. STEMEN, M. D., LL.D.

A successful physician of Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Physician of Penna. R. R.

H. C. SNYDER, Pitman, N. J.

A retired business man, and also a local preacher of New Jersey Conference.



W. D. PARR, D. D., Kokomo, Ind.  
Noted financier and religious leader, and famous  
as a church-dedicator.



FRANK H. HOOSE.  
Philadelphia, Pa.



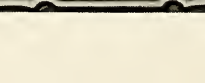
T. M. HILL.  
Pastor of Trinity M. E. Church at Fort Wayne,  
Ind.



W. B. WOODROW, Collingswood, N. J.  
Philadelphia Business Man; President of Na-  
tional Association of Local Preachers.



H. T. CONNELLY, Banker, Upland, Ind.



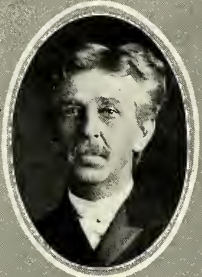
J. H. CRANKSHAW, Norristown, Pa.  
Local Preacher and ex-President of National  
Association of Local Preachers.



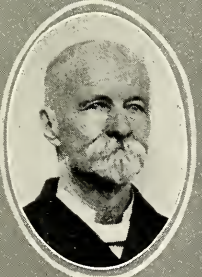
H. L. LIDDLE, M. E. Pastor, Goldsmith, Ind.



D. L. SPEICHER, Urbana, Ind.



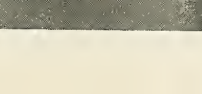
S. A. SHOEMAKER, M. D.  
Leading Layman in the North Indiana Conference.



JOHN L. THOMPSON, Gas City.



D. H. KENNEY, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Secretary of the National Association of Local Preachers.

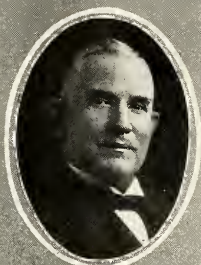


GEO. W. MOONEY.  
Oldest member Board of Trustees, founder of Mooney Library, Secretary of Board of Trustees.



JOHN CAMPBELL, Huntington, Ind.  
Retired farmer and ardent supporter of Taylor.

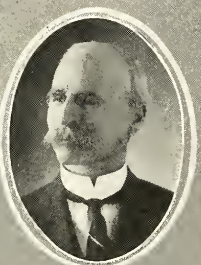




WILLIAM GISRIEL, Baltimore, Md.  
Owner of Copper Foundry. "A very benevolent man."



W. W. MARTIN, D. D.  
Pastor of High Street Methodist Church at Muncie, Ind.



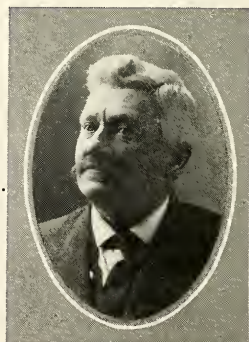
COTTON AMY, East Bango, Pa.  
Manager State Mine Industry.



C. E. ATKINSON.  
Financial Secretary, T. U.



O. W. OUTLAND.  
Financial Secretary, T. U.



REV. J. L. GILLARD.  
The efficient Pastor of the Upland M. E. Church

M. O. ABBEY.  
The man who keeps the University machinery oiled and running well.

## Tutors



OTTO H. BLOOMSTER, A. B., 1915.  
Instructor of Algebra.



ETHEL MAGNUSON BLOOMSTER, A. B., 1915.  
Instructor of Swedish.



DAVID A. BLOOMSTER, A. B., 1915.  
Instructor of Plane Geometry.



JAMES W. KNIGHT, A. B., 1915.  
Instructor in German.



WARNER F. PATTERSON.  
Instructor of French.



MARGARET DEMAREE, Graduate of Plainfield  
Business College, Plainfield, N. J.  
Instructor of Typewriting and Shorthand.



ROBERT MORRIS.  
Physical Director for Men.



DORA REGESTER.  
Instructor of Beginning Grammar.



PHILIP B. SMITH.  
Instructor of Penmanship.



ALICE McCLELLAN, A. B., 1915.  
Instructor of Beginning Arithmetic, Advanced  
Grammar and Spelling.



FRANCIS C. PHILLIPS, A. B., 1915.  
Instructor of Geography and United States  
History.



IRIS A. ABBEY, A. B., 1915.  
Instructor of Advanced Arithmetic.





## Senior Class

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Motto: "He can who thinks he can.

Colors: Black and Old Gold.

Flower: White Carnation.

### OFFICERS

President—N. A. Christensen

Vice-President—D. A. Bloomster

Recording Secretary—Belle Guy

Corresponding Secretary—Roy Knight

Treasurer—F. C. Phillips

Chaplain—Ward Long

Medical Secretary—Reba Talbott

Prophet—B. R. Opper

Poet—J. W. Knight

Historian—Alice McClellan

Legal Adviser—Roy Knight



K. HIRAIDE, Thalo and Eulogonian, is a native of Japan. He graduated from the Tokyo Bible Institute in 1906, after which he preached four years in Japan. He came to America in 1910, received his A. B. from Taylor in 1914, and will receive his B. D. this year. Mr. Hiraide has met with marked success in evangelistic work in which he is now engaged when not in school. He expects to return to Japan and establish a Bible School and College.

"He bespeaks the man who offered up the whole,  
The whole of all he knew of high and true."

RAYMOND J. DERR, Philaethean and Eulogonian, first saw the light at Knightstown, Pa. He entered the preparatory department of the Keystone State Normal. After four years of study in this institution, he graduated with honors. From 1909 to 1912 he taught in the public schools of his native state; but in 1912, after feeling the call to Christian service, he entered Taylor University. In June, 1914, Mr. Derr received his A. B. He has been honored with the presidency of the Philo Literary Society. In 1915 he receives his A. M. from Taylor University.

"The fittest place where man can die  
Is where he dies for man."

REBA TALBOT, Thalo, first smiled in the southern part of Indiana. She graduated from the Orleans High School in 1910, and entered Taylor University the following fall. While at Taylor she distinguished herself as a reliever of headaches, blues and sundry other constitutional disturbances; it is said that her smile removes more pains than her medicine. She receives her A. B. degree with the class of 1915, after which she will continue her medical work at Ann Arbor, and eventually go to the foreign field as a medical missionary.

"The truest view of life has always seemed to me to be that which shows that we are here not to enjoy, but to learn."

C. R. ILLICK first saw the light in Tannersville, Pa. He spent two years at the Frackville High School in his native state. In 1904 he entered the Williamston School of Mechanical Trades, where he graduated in 1907; entered Taylor University in 1910; graduated from the Academy in 1912, and spent three years in the college medical department, and is taking his last year at Ann Arbor, Mich. He will receive his A. B. from Taylor in June. While in Taylor Mr. Illick has graced the presidential chair of the Thalonian Literary Society, and of the Eulogonian Debating Club; he was a member of the University Quartette for three seasons; in 1914 he won the Hill-Sprague Vocal Contest. He contemplates entering the mission field as a medical missionary.

"I can do all that becomes a man,  
Who dares do more is none."

HERE IS ROY O. BROWN, who formed his first habits in the Prohibition State of Kansas. This young doctor-to-be finished his preparatory work in Greenville College, Illinois; but having an untamable craving for Upland, came to Taylor in order to receive his degree of A. B. with the famous class of 1915. While at Taylor Mr. Brown has been very much interested in music, ciety, Eureka Debating Club. Mr. Brown's view tennis, basketball, two-mile walks, Philo So-

of life may be expressed in these words:  
"It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill."



N. A. CHRISTENSEN entered Taylor University in 1906, and graduated from the Academy in 1910. In 1910-1912 he was pastor of the M. E. Church at Egan, S. Dak. He returned to Taylor in 1912 and served the school and student organizations in various ways, among which we mention the following: President of the Thalonian Literary Society and the Eulogonian Debating Club; joint winner of the inter-club debate in 1914; winner of the Kerr Oratorical Contest, 1913; in 1914 won honors as Thalo Essayist, and took first place in the local Prohibition contest and later in the state contest; represented Taylor in the inter-state contest in 1915. In 1909-1910 he was State Chairman of the I. P. A.; 1913-1914 Editor-in-Chief of the University Echo; 1914-1915 Editor-in-Chief of the Gem.

"There is a loftier ambition than merely to stand high in the world,

It is to stoop down and lift mankind a little higher."

ANNABEL GUY is her name, her birthplace is St. Mary's, Pa., and her destination, the mission field. This fair-haired lady attended high school in Beechwood, Pa., three years, taught school two years, entered Taylor in the fall of 1911, was Thalo Reader in 1914, and Thalo Essayist in 1915. Miss Guy, furthermore, holds the unique distinction of being one of the only two girls that were ever honored with the Presidency of the Thalonian Literary Society.

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear;

Look on it; lift it; bear it solemnly;

Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin;

But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

DAVID A. BLOOMSTER was born in the northern part of the State of Illinois. His boyhood days were spent in Cherry Valley, Ill. He entered Taylor University as a student in the fall of 1909, was graduated from the Academy in June, 1912, and will receive his A. B. degree in June. He has taught geometry for the last two years at Taylor. He has been honored with the office of the presidency of the Philaethean Literary Society, Eulogonian Debating Club and the Prayer Band, and at present holds the office of Vice-President of his class. He has won the scholarship in the college two years in succession. His life will be spent in the ministry.

"However it be, it seems to me

'Tis only noble to be good;

Kind words are more than coronets

And simple faith than Norman blood."

Certainly, this is IRIS AMY ABBEY, of Carbondale, Pa. She graduated from the Carbondale High School in 1909, came to Taylor in 1910, graduated from the School of Instrumental Music June, 1912. "Peggy" spells the word Philo with letters that are all capitals; she won the inter-society contest in piano in 1912, and has made herself quite popular as a tutor in several subjects.

"With every art and grace adorn'd

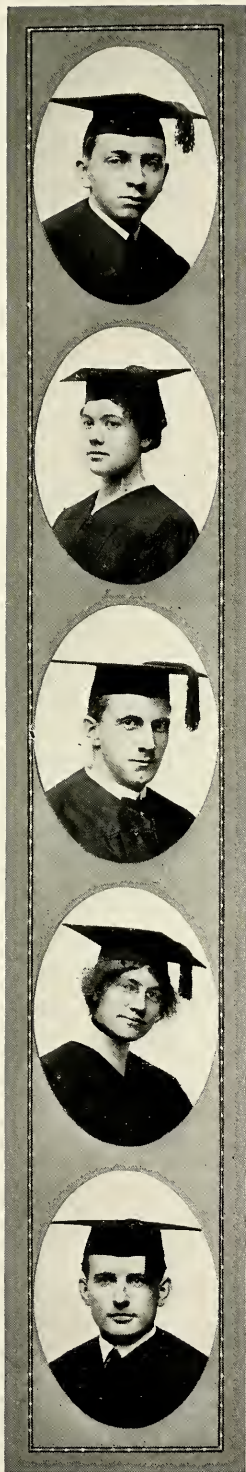
By man admired, by heaven approved."

JAS. W. KNIGHT was born at Wexford, Michigan. His early education was received at Lakeside, Ohio. Some time later he came to Taylor University, remained two years, returned home for four years, back to Taylor again for six years, finishing Academy and College. Joined the Philo Society, won the prizes in inter-society contests for both Essay and Oration. Expects to preach and write poetry.

He was called the Poet Laureate of Taylor, was instructor in German in 1915, and represented Taylor at the State Peace Contest at Vincennes in 1915.

"His life was gentle, and the elements,  
So mixed in him that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This is a man.'"





**WILFRED A. BURCH**, born in the city of Medford, Mass. He received his early education at Cambridge, and in 1909 entered the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute. In 1912 he graduated from the Academy and Stenographic Departments as valedictorian of his class. In 1913 he graduated from the Christian Workers' Course. During the summer of 1913 he was pastor of the Congregational Church of Albany, Maine. He entered Taylor in 1914, and was a member of the Thalonian Literary Society and of the Eulogonian Debating Club. He expects to devote his time to educational and Christian work.

"In the lexicon of youth, which fate reverses  
For a bright manhood, there is no such word  
as fail."

**LENA ETHEL CHALFANT** first opened her brown eyes near Dresden, Ohio. She took the first two years of the high school work in the Trinway High school. In the spring of 1912 she graduated from the Dresden High School with first honors. She is the first one of this class to receive her A. B. In the fall of 1912 she entered the college freshman class of Taylor University. The spring term of 1915 she served as Recording Secretary of the Thalonian Literary Society. She received her A. B. from Taylor in June, and expects to enter the field of education.

"Modest and simple and sweet,  
The very type of Priscilla."

**BURTON R. OPPER**, born in Ohio on the shore of Lake Erie. Attended the primary and high school near Lakeside, Ohio; was a teacher in the public schools from 1905 to 1908. Received his call to preach while attending Valparaiso University. Entered Taylor in September, 1909, to prepare for his life's work. Graduated from the Academy and also from the Greek Theological Course in 1913. While at Taylor he was instructor of penmanship 1912-1914, President of the Philalethean Literary Society, the Eulogonian Debating Club, Prohibition League and Curry Expression Club. Won honors in the inter-club debate in 1911, and again in 1914. Won the Kerr Oratorical Contest in 1912. Member of the Taylor University Quartette in 1910-1914. His hobby is third party Prohibition.

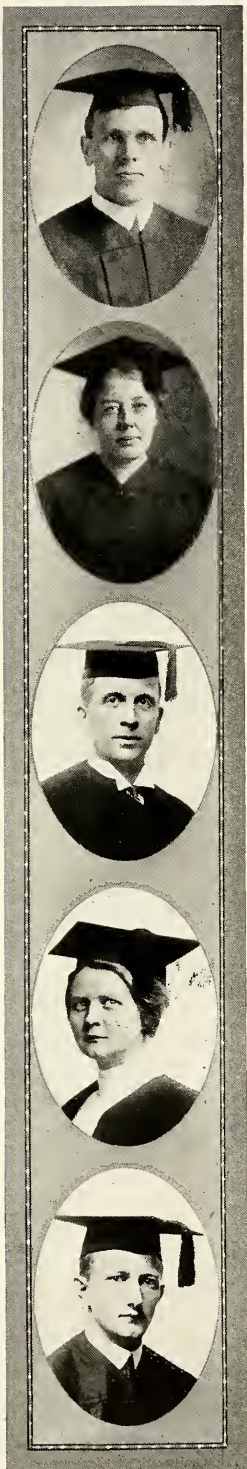
"For man is man and master of his fate."

**CLARA E. SAUER**, R. N., known at Taylor as "Jane," is a Hoosier by birth. She received her early education near Madison, Ind.; later entered the Montana Deaconess Hospital Training School for Nurses, where she graduated in 1910, and in the fall of same year entered Taylor. During the summer of 1914 she was surgical nurse at Dr. Armstrong's private Hospital at Danville, Ind. She is also a member of the National Red Cross Nurses' Association. While at Taylor she has been recording secretary of the Philalethean Literary Society and a member of the Volunteer Band and the Soangetaha Debating Club. During the past year she tutored in Physiology. She is an ardent advocate of Woman Suffrage.

"The woman's cause is man's;  
They rise or sink together,  
Dwarfed or Godlike, bound or free."

**ROY W. KNIGHT** was born at Wexford Mich. He graduated from the High School at Lakeside, Ohio; enrolled in Taylor University in the fall of 1911. While at Taylor he served as President of the Philalethean Literary Society. He won honors in the inter-club debate for the Eureka Debating Club in the spring of 1912; won the Hill-Sprague Contest in the spring of 1913. He was a member of the University Quartette during the last three weeks of the season of 1914. He expects to spend his life preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to the world.

"Man, who man would be, must rule the empire of himself."



OTTO H. BLOOMSTER was born in Flora Township, Boone county, Illinois. He received his early education in the public school at Cherry Valley, Ill. He entered Taylor in 1909 and graduated from the Academy in 1912. During his six years of study in Taylor he has been President of the following organizations: Young Men's Holiness League, Eulogonian Debating Club and the Philalethean Literary Society. He has also been instructor in algebra for two years. He will enter the ministry in the M. E. Church.

"The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they while their companions slept  
Were toiling upward in the night."

MRS. O. H. BLOOMSTER was born at Sugargrove, Warren County, Penn. She was confirmed in the Swedish Lutheran Church of Chandler's Valley, Penn., in 1906, and graduated from the High School at the same place in 1908. Was a student at Northwestern State Normal School, Edinboro, Penn.; taught in the public schools of Warren County for three years. Entered Taylor University in the fall of 1912. Will receive her A. B. degree with the class of 1915. While in Taylor she was a loyal Philo, and is one of the charter members of the Soangetaha Debating Club.

"There is nothing in the universe that I fear,  
but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall  
fail to do it."

CLARENCE E. OLSON, commonly known as "Longfellow." Finished his common school work at Clarkfield, Minn.; spent three years at the Central Holiness University at Oskaloosa, Ia.; was student pastor of the M. E. Church at Given, Iowa, for one year; entered the Junior Class of Taylor University in 1910, and graduated from the Academy in 1912. During his last year at Taylor he was pastor of the College Hill M. E. Church. He has been honored with the presidency of the Thalonian Literary Society, and is a member of the Eureka Debating Club. He expects to spend his life in the ministry.

"The spirit of independence let me share  
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;  
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare  
Nor heed the storms that howl across the  
sky."

ALICE McCLELLAN was born in Pittsburg, Pa. Attended high school one year in Corry, Pa. Graduated from the South Western State Normal School in California, Pa. Graduated from the Chicago Evangelistic Institute in 1913. Entered T. U. in the fall of 1913. A loyal Philo, and is a charter member of the Soangetaha Debating Club. Was an enthusiastic worker in the Volunteer Band.

She will receive her A. B. degree with the class of 1915, and expects to spend her life in the foreign field.

"I count all that part of my life lost which I  
spent not in communion with God, or in doing  
good."

FRANCIS C. PHILLIPS, the bright little man from the west, came to Taylor in 1910, and has remained here since. He received his early education in his native state, Missouri, and took up Academy work in Central Holiness University. He graduated from the Academy in 1912. During his stay in Taylor he has distinguished himself as a debater. He has been a tutor in several branches of learning. He will take post-graduate work in his Alma Mater, and will spend his life in the mission field.

"The star of an unconquered will has risen in  
my breast."



WARD W. LONG, born on a farm near Spencerville, Ohio. Attended Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky., 1908-1909. Entered the Academy at Taylor September, 1909. Became pastor of the George Street Baptist Church, Marion, Ind., in January, 1910, which position he still holds. He was President of the local T. U. Prohibition League during the years of 1911-1913. President Academy Senior Class 1911-1912. President Freshman College Class 1912-1913. Honorary Vice-President of the National Young Men's Holiness League 1913. President of the Indiana Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association 1914-1915. Editor-in-Chief Taylor University Echo 1914-1915. He is a member of the Eulogian Debating Club and of the Philaethan Literary Society, and will represent his society as essayist in the Literary Society Contest.

"He cries aloud to age and youth—  
His words are hot with the sting of truth."

CORA FALES, born in Williamstown, Mass. Received education and nurse training in Iowa. Graduated from High School at Rockwell City, Ia. Attended Cornell College three years. Taught in the Grade School at Mt. Vernon, Ia. A graduate of the Cincinnati Missionary Training School. Assistant pastor in Cincinnati and for three years in York State M. E. Church.

"True dignity abides with her alone  
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
Can still suspect, and still revere herself,  
In lowliness of heart."

ERNEST GIGGY, the junior member of our class, graduated from the common school course at La Grange in 1907, and from the high school of the same city in 1911. In the fall of 1911 this young mathematician entered Taylor, and by sheer endeavor has worked his way through college.

While in college Mr. Giggy has been prominent in literary and debating clubs. In the winter term of 1914-1915 this young phenomenon was president of the Philaethan Literary Society and winner of the inter-club debate.

Our junior member is specializing in mathematics and chemistry, and expects to teach mathematics; in 1913 he was assistant in the Chemical Laboratory in Taylor.

"Pure mathematics do remedy and cure many defects in the wit and faculties of the individuals."

She is not a senior, but—

This is a "Dot."



## Special Graduates

**DORA M. REGESTER** is as radical on prohibition as her native state, Kansas; her hopes are as lofty as the mountains of Colorado, in the shadow of which she was reared, and her dreams are about the West and the YOUTH of the West. Miss Regester's pleasant nature has won her a place in the hearts of the students, but she does not expect to return to Taylor, and "There is a reason." In 1914 she won in the Inter-Society Reading Contest for the Philos, and this year she graduates from the School of Expression. Miss Regester is also a poet of no mean ability.

**LEAH MILES** began to make the world brighter by first smiling in the city of Upland, where she finished her High School course with the class of '13. When Leah was about ten years of age Miss Laura Walton started her in her musical career by giving her the first instruction on the piano.

When this pleasant little lady was fifteen years of age she began to specialize in music. Two years' work were taken with Prof. Sadie L. Miller, one year with Prof. Walter Hill, under whom she finished the course in harmony. The fourth year's work of this talented musician's course was taken with Prof. E. A. Gowen.

Miss Miles won the inter-society contest in piano in 1914 for the Thalos, and is a great favorite when she appears on the city and University programs. She graduates from piano.

**MISS RUTH HOWELL**, feeling obliged to leave school at the beginning of the Spring term, was unable to finish the Literary Musical Course, as she had contemplated to do.

**LANA ETHEL MICHEL** sang her first song in Tipton County, Indiana, and began her study of music with her sister. Her next teacher was Miss Florence Davis of Tipton, a graduate of the Indianapolis Conservatory of Music. In 1910 Miss Michel entered the School of Music at Taylor, and has pursued her study of music with Professors Bessie Foster Outland, Matthew Lundquist, Walter S. Hill and E. A. Gowen. In addition to her regular course in music, Miss Michel is also pursuing the Academy course and is studying voice under Prof. Olmsted. It should not be forgotten that this musician is a Philo, and not only the Philos, but the entire school, like to hear her play. She graduates from the Literary and Musical Course.





LUCY G. BROOK is from the sunny southland, where the climate taught her to be kind. In 1912 Miss Brook graduated from the Chicago Training School, and was consecrated Deaconess in 1913. She graduates from the Four Year English Bible Course with the class of '15, and expects to enter evangelistic work.



TUK SUNG KIM is a native of Sing Chun, Korea, where he received his early education. In 1906 he came to the Hawaiian Islands, and was a student in the Mid-Pacific Institute during two years. In 1910 he graduated from the Korean Boarding School, Honolulu. He came to the U. S. in 1911 and entered Taylor University. By lecturing and preaching he is making his school expenses. He graduates this year from the English Theological Course, and expects to return to Korea as a missionary.



Who made the fudge, Mc?



O ye tempting woods!



Vere is happy.

## Senior Class Grumble

Since it is the common tendency for man to grumble, and find fault, and since it is disastrous to good health and morals to harbor an unspoken grudge in your heart, we, the Senior Class of 1915, have concluded to make every honest effort to remove from our systems the following surplus of grumble germs, which we are convinced would be very disastrous to our constitutional development.

### Collectively

Art. I—1. The institution as a whole has not paid enough attention to us; this we feel very keenly.

Art. II—1. The Athletic Association has not shown us due respect, having failed to make a tennis court for our special pleasure.

Art. III—1. All the undergraduates have shown very ill manners and flagrant disrespect toward us, having failed to scrape and bow in the dust, when we appeared in caps and gowns.

Art. IV—1. William Stuart, head waiter at the Dining Hall, has grievously disregarded the feelings of his superiors in that he has failed to arrange a special table, where special delicacies could have been served to the Seniors.

Art. V—1. Even the trustees have ignored us; they have not so much as taken a single step toward building a monument in our memory.

Art. VI—1. The ranking committee has also deliberately disregarded our feelings, and has refused to let us graduate unless we make our grades above 75%.

Art. VII—1. The most serious offense, however, which has been committed against us, is that so few have recognized our brilliancy.

### Individually.

Art. I—1. I, Alice McClellan, grumble because the Seniors have to appear at breakfast as early as the rest of the students.

Art. II—1. I, N. A. Christensen, vehemently censure the faculty for not permitting me to take College Algebra.

Art. III—1. I, Iris Abbey, harbor a grudge in my heart against the school authorities, for making me carry over ten hours of work during the winter term of my Senior year.

Art. IV—1. I, Anabel Guy, demand an apology of any one who says that my Gem photo flatters me.

Art. V—1. I, Raymond Derr, insist on an apology from the entire school for not recognizing my ability.

Art. VI—1. I, W. W. Long, refuse to speak to the person who robbed me of five minutes of my valuable time. My time is worth fifty cents an hour.

Art. VII—1. I, Cora Fales, complain to the Faculty for being compelled to stay at Taylor an undue length of time in order to get my degree.

Art. VIII—1. I, Roy W. Knight, hold serious grievance against the Faculty and Board of Trustees for not granting me the honorary degree of D. D.

Art. IX—1. I, Ernest Giggy, grumble because I can do that better than any one else, of the Seniors.

Art. X—1. I, C. E. Olson, have just reasons to complain because some of the students wear rubber collars, and because my hair is red.

Art. XI—1. I, Clara Sauer, will never forgive Burton Oppen for sending my photo to the engravers before letting me see it.

Art. XII—1. I, B. R. Oppen, grumble because people grumble at me.

Art. XIII—1. I, W. A. Burch, am provoked at the Gem Staff, because I had to do so much typewriting for the Staff.

Art. XIV—1. I, O. H. Bloomster, insist that it is nobody's business if I do walk ahead of my wife when we go up to the College.

Art. XV—1. I, Mrs. O. H. Bloomster, feel hurt because nobody has ever made special mention of the fact that I am the only married woman to receive a degree this year.

Art. XVI—1. I, F. C. Phillips, am intensely vexed because the University was not built nearer to my home, so I would not have so far to walk to school.

Art. XVII—1. I, Lena E. Chalfant, can not find a thing to grumble at and that in itself makes me provoked.

Art. XVIII—1. I, K. Hiraide, censure the Gem Staff for placing my photo in the same list as the other graduates; I am a divinity student and should be in a class by myself.

XIX—1. I, Reba Talbot, consider it very thoughtless on the part of the Gem Staff not to make special mention of the fact that I am the only girl graduate who is studying medicine.

Art. XX—1. I, C. R. Illick, complain because the Taylor students persist in calling a dignified Senior "Johnnie."

Art. XXI—1. I, Roy Brown, blame the Trustees of the University for not establishing a strong medical department in Taylor, so that I could have stayed close to Upland while taking my medical course.

Art. XXII—1. I, J. W. Knight, refuse to write poetry about anyone who makes remarks about my platonic friendships.

Art. XXIII—1. I, D. A. Bloomster, Art Editor of the Gem, will prosecute any one who finds fault with the front door of my H. Maria Wright drawing.



## Senior Class History

In the month of September, in the year 1911, A. D., the history of the class of 1915 began, when a few straggling Freshmen, with much trembling, seated themselves in the library to wait for their numbers to be called. Some of them had graduated from the academy and knew what to expect upon entering college at Taylor University, but those who were quite shy and a trifle homesick could scarcely keep back the tears when the Dean told them that college Algebra was not elective.

Since those care-free Freshmen days we miss some who started with us, but others have joined our ranks until our class numbers twenty-one Seniors and two Post-graduates—the largest college class that Taylor University has ever launched upon Life's stormy ocean.

Even as early as the year 1000 A. D. the eastern coast of North America was explored by the sturdy Norsemen. To these hardy, liberty loving people our honored president, N. A. Christensen, proudly traces his ancestry. Although in some respects he does not resemble the pictures we have seen of those ancient sea rovers, still his oratorical ability as shown in the winning of the State Prohibition Contest fully makes up for his lack in avoirdupois and inches.

As secretary we have chosen a young lady from the Keystone State, Annabelle Guy, whose literary ability and fidelity to Woman's Rights has won for her a place in the class which is unique. In the selection of a president and secretary we certainly deserve at least an approving smile from Dr. Vayhinger, since on account of their sunny dispositions and the brilliancy of their hair, the electric light bill can be somewhat reduced.

All through our college days we have been an illustrious class; little wonder, however, when we consider the reputation of the students who compose it. First of all there is Raymond Derr, the learned pedagogue from Pennsylvania, who has the honor of being the youngest man who has ever received an A. M. from Taylor University.

We are glad to have Mr. K. S. Hiraide, the missionary preacher of Japan, who is taking his B. D. this year, as a member of the class of 1915. Many times our hearts have been warmed and thrilled as we have listened to the burning messages from his lips. May the richest blessing of God be upon him in his work for the Master is our prayer.

About the twelfth century in southern France many troubadours wandered from place to place charming fair ladies by their songs of valorous deeds and of love; such a one is our poet, James Knight; Francis Phillips, our treasurer, the debater, will some day surpass Clay and Webster; Ward Long has distinguished himself by holding a pastorate in the Baptist Church for about five years, although he is a Quaker; Iris Abbey, the musician, in spite of her "troubles with philanthropy" and her charming manners, has succeeded in finishing her college course; Wilfred Burch, the scholar from New England, is noted for his studious habits and the omission of the letter "r" in his pronunciation; D. A. Bloomster, the mathematician, is able to hold a class spell-bound as he demonstrates that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points; B. R. Opper, the preacher and statesman, in spite of opposition has held tenaciously to the belief that nationwide prohibition is surely coming through the Prohibition Party; Roy Knight, the preacher and logician, by a certain process of reasoning has discovered that the best way to make a good impression upon Prof. Zimmerman in German II, is to have thorough preparation. Clara Sauer, the nurse, is able to relieve the suffering of her patients more by her kindness and tenderness of manner than by medicine. Otto Bloomster and wife have distinguished themselves chiefly on account of their love for each other. Clarence Olson, the Longfellow of the class, has distinguished himself as an opposer of the onward march of progress—Woman Suffrage. Never mind, Mr. Olson, you may have to submit to the inevitable some day. Cora Fales, our dignified deaconess, who inspires our hearts to go forth in service for the Master—we appreciate your presence and we are glad to welcome you among us. Lena Chalfant, as a student, stands high in the esteem of all her teachers. Her quiet and ladylike manners commend her to all who have had the privilege of her acquaintance. Ernest Giggy, the youngest member of the class, has early shown a fondness for mathematics and science. He has been doing some original work in Chemistry, trying to discover the chemical composition of dining hall Beans. Reba Talbott has already proved her medical skill in her loving ministrations to the sick in Taylor in former years. C. R. Illick, familiarly known as "Johnnie," has already gained fame as a vocalist and we bespeak for him success in his medical work in far off lands. Roy Brown has already distinguished himself as a traveler and a very deliberate man of science and is now preparing to serve the suffering earth as a physician. And last, but not least, Alice McClellan, the historian of our class. In her case as in many others God has placed a large soul in a small body and has given her a burning love for the souls of lost men and women. Nothing but the fullest sacrifice can satisfy such a soul and that is why she will spend her life in missionary labors in the foreign field.

## The Senior Class

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The Seniors have held their first meeting;  
They have met and have set the ball rolling,  
That is destined to roll till commencement,  
And then to cease rolling forever.  
For let all men know by these present,  
That from now to the end of the school year,  
It will be a most common occurrence,  
That from henceforth the chapel devotions,  
Forsooth, will be hampered and hindered  
By announcements of senior class sessions,  
For to settle the intricate problems  
That come only once in a life-time;  
That fall to the lot of a Senior.  
They met with their president Christy;  
With Christy the Bold and Intrepid,  
Who hails from the land of the Norsemen;  
From the Fjords of the Skager Rack's waters;  
From the dunes and the dikes of old Denmark.  
His eyes are as blue as the azure  
That bends o'er the land of his fathers;  
He is runty and little of stature,  
His locks are the color of brick-dust,  
But his words they are clothed with the thunder;  
His hand and his will are of iron;  
And woe to the one who resists him.  
Thus on this momentous occasion,  
He gathered the Seniors together,  
Thumped loud on the table for quiet,  
And when he had silenced the hubbub,  
Began to harangue them as follows:  
Fellow Seniors, our coming together,  
Is fraught with the greatest importance;  
Importance for us and for others;  
Our problems are many and weighty,  
And great are the issues upon us,  
So let us consider each matter  
In solemnest deliberation.  
Remembering the rights of each other.  
Thus exhorted, each one of the seniors  
Arose in a proper rotation;  
Arose and expressed his opinion.  
Discussions were many and fervent,  
And often grew stormy with passion;  
But the iron hand of the Norseman  
Brought order and peace out of chaos;  
Brought quiet and calm to each bosom,  
Reconciling each one with his fellow,  
Thus ended the meeting of Seniors,  
And all were dismissed for a season  
And each one dispersed to his quarters.



## Senior Class Poem

The day of expectation  
Has come, when we must part;  
In hopeful contemplation,  
We scan, with trembling heart.

The misty path uncertain,  
Where hanging just before,  
Fate kindly spreads her curtain,  
To veil the future o'er.

No trumpeter before us,  
Or herald to proclaim;  
No banners floating o'er us,  
No trophies of our fame.

No glistening marble column,  
Nor granite shaft shall rise;  
No sage will write a volume,  
To say that we were wise.

No multitudes will greet us,  
And pay their homage low;  
No pageant train will meet us,  
No garlands wreath our brow.

No sabre's threatening rattle  
Is borne upon the wind;  
No signs of bloody battle  
Bestrew the path behind.

Such victories are recorded  
On tables not of stone;  
In living fire worded,  
The deeds of valor done.

The insignia of merit,  
The signs of finished art,  
Are written on the spirit,  
Are stamped upon the heart.

For life is more than living,  
And winning daily food;  
'Tis honest, patient striving  
For greatness, growth and God.

'Tis more than self ambition,  
And grasping after gold;  
'Tis yielding rich fruition  
In blessings manifold.

And concentrated labor  
For others by the way;  
Some kindness to a neighbor,  
Some night resolved to day.

Will bring meet compensation  
For days of honest toil,  
For all the years' privation,  
And all the midnight oil.

For Godly fear and service  
Is all the life of man;  
And nought from this shall swerve us,  
"He can who thinks he can."

While kings and princes flourish,  
And all their sickly brood  
Revenge and hatred cherish,  
And steep their land in blood.

While misers pile their treasures,  
To feed the moth and rust,  
With base ill-gotten pleasures  
That crumble in the dust.

We've caught a brighter vision  
Of nobler things to do;  
And 'spite the world's derision,  
We purpose to be true.

Farewell dear Alma Mater,  
Thy name shall never die;  
But grow from great to greater,  
As swift the years go by.

Farewell dear halls forever,  
The parting brings us pain;  
But parting cannot sever  
The mystic golden chain.

That forms a deathless union,  
When oceans intervene;  
A living real communion,  
Though by the eye unseen.

Farewell to one another,  
Where'er your lot may fall,  
To sister and to brother:  
God's blessing on you all.

J. W. KNIGHT.



## Senior Class Prophecy

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Since I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet I will not attempt to predict the future of the class of 1915 by peering beyond the horizon. Just as we cannot project ourselves through space or time to ascertain the future location and movements of the stars but may by the aid of science determine their positions, so it is that we shall by the scientific method arrive at our conclusion concerning the future of the individuals of this constellation.

Knowing the present location of each one and the immutable laws which govern their progress we proceed to prognosticate the position, activity and influence of the members of the class of 1915, in 1925. The first one to meet our gaze is the Mars of the class, President N. A. Christensen. Mars, as you know, is conspicuous for the redness of his light. He also has a satellite (Mrs. Christy). Mars is called the God of War. This title is not inapplicable to our president, for aggressiveness is one of his characteristics. Mars is not far from the earth, neither is Christy in nature. He is also somewhat capricious in movement. His orbit has varied through Denmark, through the United States as far west as South Dakota, back through Denmark and then to the United States again. By the aid of our stellar chart and by mathematical computation we determine that in 1925 he and his satellite will be in the western part of the United States continuing their course with joy and burning with even greater ardor as ministers of the Gospel of our Lord.

The Mercury of our class, so called because he is the smallest, hottest and swiftest member, is Francis Phillips. He has also an eccentric orbit. As yet we have discovered no satellite accompanying him but our calculation concerning his future travels includes a consort. We vaticinate that he will be seen in the foreign field in ten years warming the cold hearts of the heathen by his love and zeal.

Next we descry Venus, the brightest and most conspicuous of the constellation. The Literary Skies of Taylor are illuminated by our poet laureate, James W. Knight. His orbit is quite regular and we can safely predict that the bright promise of the present will be fulfilled in the life and labors of our poet preacher. A very conspicuous satellite is discovered to be drawing nearer Venus and long before 1925 there will be a union of the two.

At a great distance from the earth we discover the Neptune of our class, Clarence Olson. In close proximity is a small but important satellite. His course is regular and we are mathematically certain that ten years hence he will be found in the west continuing his labors as a minister of the gospel.

One unique light in the musical sky of Taylor is Miss Iris Amy Abbey, the Saturn of our class. Several satellites have been discovered accompanying her in her orbit and it is beyond the skill of an astronomer to predict which one of these will eventually obliterate the others but this is to be the course pursued and we presage that 1925 shall find this accomplished Senior filling an important place as a pastor's assistant.

Like a comet there flashed into our midst in the winter term of our Senior year, a deaconess, Miss Fales. The regularity of her orbit and the quietness and sincerity of her demeanor make us confident that the result of our computation is correct. She will continue in her work for the Master and 1925 will reveal the fact that her labors have not been in vain in the Lord.

Two of our members who arose in the east and entered Taylor constellation are Miss Alice McClellan and Miss Belle Guy. Neither of these are accompanied by visible satellites. The result of our observation and calculation makes it reasonably certain that ten years from now they may be found in the foreign field shining brightly like the Star of Bethlehem to lead wandering souls to the Christ.

Some stars shed a very helpful but unobtrusive light which cheers



many darkened hearts that would be blinded by more dazzling splendor. One such is found in our class, in the person of Miss Lena Chalfant. Our prognostication discloses the fact that she will have become a satellite in 1925 and will be following the orbit of a parson's helper.

It is difficult for the astronomer to follow the gyration of some stars and still more difficult to vaticinate their revolutions ten years hence, but as surely as it is possible to arrive at a definite conclusion our two lady medical missionary Seniors, Misses Clara E. Sauer and Reba M. Talbott will continue in their natural orbits and in the future may be seen among the heathen administering healing balm to the bleeding hearts of the lost.

An interesting stellar occurrence has been observed by the astronomer. In 1909 two stars made their appearance from the west, neither of them having a visible satellite, but as they approached the zenith, first one and then the other attracted to itself, or was attracted by, a satellite. At any rate both Mr. D. A. Bloomster and Mr. O. H. Bloomster now have consorts. Mrs. Ethel Magnuson Bloomster, the wife of the latter, was discovered coming from an easterly direction and as the path of her orbit crossed that of her concomitant there was a perceptible hesitation on the part of both bodies and a gradual change in their direction of travel until both came into perfect coincidence. These persons have so perfectly conformed to law that we assert with confidence that 1925 will find them all occupied in the work of the Master and reaping the rewards of faithful service.

Two other members of this constellation which have not been visible during the past year are C. R. (Johnnie) Illick and Roy O. Brown. Since they both have previously had a comparatively regular orbit the astronomer has been certain there was no reason to feel anxious about them. While separated from us they have likewise been separated from their respective satellites. By the scientific process heretofore mentioned we ascertain that in less than a decade these two medics will be achieving great success in their chosen profession, Illick in the mission field and Brown a home (opathic) doctor.

There is another cluster of stars which now engage the astronomers attention, two of them, Ward Long and Roy Knight, are already traveling in well defined orbits which justify us in asserting dogmatically that these stars of the first magnitude will be burning with even greater brilliancy in 1925 than at present, and the world will be better and brighter because they have let their light shine to the glory of God in their ministry.

We turn our gaze now upon two brilliant planets which enjoy the distinction of being the youngest of this constellation; they are Ernest Giggy and Wilfred Burch. Their orbits are well defined and regular though they may not yet reveal some eccentricities. However, our computation indicate that both of these stars will be readily discovered ten years hence outshining a multitude of lesser lights and bringing honor to the class of 1915 by their labors as religious teachers in a holiness school in the east.

Two lights have appeared, one from the east and the other from the far east. Their orbit is longer than that of the others already viewed, for they are post-graduated. Their continuance in the path of progress will lead them across the sea, there to shine into darkened hearts at the command of Him who said, "Let there be light." J. Raymond Derr, A. M., and K. Hiraide, B. D., are men of whom we have reason to be proud.

As I scanned the heavens in search of other heavenly bodies of equal magnitude with this bright constellation I found nothing to compare with it and I was about to cease my observations when suddenly a face appeared at the other end of my telescope; it was Old Father Time and by his gestures and sour looks I know he was vexed because I had been trespassing upon his domain in writing such a long prophecy. In vain did I ask for a few moments' grace in which to write my own prophecy, but he flatly refused, so I am through.

## Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class

We, the Senior class of Taylor University, city of Upland, county of Grant, state of Indiana, being of sound mind and memory, and realizing that our life as a class will soon draw to a close, do therefore at the mature age of four years, make, ordain, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament—to-wit:

FIRST—Having obtained full use of the caps and gowns of our Seniority, and having experienced the trying difficulties of wearing them to Chapel on a windy day, and knowing that these trials are necessary for the development of the perfect man or woman, we do hereby leave and bequeath to the Junior class and their succeeding heirs the privilege of wearing the cap and gown. May that exalted honor be a source of great inspiration for higher attainments than the past has known.

SECOND—Twenty Chapel seats on the north side at the front of Schreiner Auditorium, which, loath as we may be to leave behind, we cannot take with us as we depart this life, these also we leave for the class of 1916. Here they may bear the full brunt of Chapel lectures, having no one to hide behind when arraigned for misdemeanor. The only condition for the occupation of these seats shall be a compulsory attendance at Chapel five days every week with not more than three unexcused absences per term.

THIRD—To the Sophomore class we leave volumes of good advice, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little, with the hope that they will heed it well, and treasure up in the storehouses of their miniature brains the remembrance of our trials and conflicts, our joys and sorrows, and that they will profit by our experiences. To this end we warn them not to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think, but to think soberly, do justly and above all be studious, for to us who have tried, it is a well known fact, that a student cannot between the hours of seven and twelve of the night before exams, cram as much knowledge into his head as he was intended to get in the three months preceding. Therefore, Beware!

FOURTH—It pains the heart, but for sundry bad habits and needless indiscretions, such as breaking the "Social Privilege" rules, and then GETTING CAUGHT at it, we feel compelled to disinherit the Freshies, and cut them off without a shilling.

FIFTH—To the whole student body, to be divided equally, and without partiality among them, we bequeath our share of Beans and Hash. These have been a great source of brain food, and many a sleepless night to us, and we sincerely trust that they have the same effect upon those coming after us.

SIXTH—To our Beloved President and Faculty, who have labored with us so faithfully and patiently, and have manifested so much of the spirit of our Master, we leave and bequeath the best that we have—our love, our best wishes, our prayers and our promise that to the best of our ability we, too, will manifest to the world that same spirit of Jesus Christ.

SEVENTH—We bequeath to our dear Alma Mater, in whose halls our lives have been broadened, our visions enlarged, and whose teachings have moulded and fashioned our characters—our hearty praise and our loyal support. Alma Mater, All Hail!

EIGHTH—To the whole world, we leave and bequeath Taylor University, a school which for broad-mindedness and thorough educational standards, together with her teaching and practice of scriptural holiness, we venture to say has no peer. We bequeath her, all, her campus where he have loved to roam, her buildings, what fond memories cling to them; her social life, so congenial, so enticing; her burdens and her hard work. We leave, too, her noble Faculty, sacrificing earthly gain that they may win pearls of greatest price—human souls.

NINTH—To the service of God in the fullest possible sense we bequeath ourselves, our lives and all we have, in the Master's name.

Having thus severally bestowed the articles of our estate, according to our good pleasure, we sincerely hope that after our decease, our heirs will faithfully carry out our desires in this matter.

THE 1915 CLASS OF TAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

The above written document was duly approved and subscribed in our presence. Whereunto as witnesses we have this 29th day of February, 1915, at Upland, Indiana, caused our signatures to be affixed.

"DEACON" LONG, Upland, Indiana.

"LENGTHY" OLSON, Upland, Indiana.

"PEGGY" ABBEY, Upland, Indiana.

BY ROY W. KNIGHT.



Clara Carris  
Gertrude Bridgewater

Violet Ward  
K. S. Hiraide

J. E. Eason  
H. R. Chalfant

Howard Hastings  
R. J. Derr

R. I. Stone  
Jacob Bos

## The Class of 1914

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It is interesting to note how successfully and persistently the class of '14 has pursued its ideal. Not one of the Class has gone "fishing" nor "turned back." Looking toward the Christian ministry as the goal of life, J. C. Eason, H. R. Chalfant, and Jacob Bos are pursuing their Seminary work at Drew Theological Seminary, while K. S. Hiraide graduates with the Taylor Class of '15, receiving his B. D. Howard G. Hastings has returned to India to pursue his missionary ideal. Clara Carris and Gertrude Bridgewater did not become intimidated by the fearful conflict in Europe, but trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, bravely sailed for China in the fall of '14. R. I. Stone, the President of the class, has had a very successful pastorate at Grant St. M. E. Church, Hartford City, Ind. Violet Ward has taught in the High School of Frankton, Ind., while R. J. Derr has been taking his A. M. work in Taylor.

May Draper, who received her A. M. at Taylor in '14, has been the very efficient Professor of Chemistry in our own University, and B. W. Lewis, who also received his A. M. with the class of '14, has, by his Christ like endeavor, lifted Grace M. E. Church, Anderson, out of the jungles of financial dismay and the morass of gloom and has re-inspired the people with Christian faith and aggressive hope.

This is but a brief record of a single Senior Class; may heaven continue to sustain and protect a school that graduates such characters!

N. A. C.



## Junior Class

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Motto: "The world needs what I can give."

Colors: Garnet and Steel Gray.

Flower: Princesse de Sagen Rose.

### OFFICERS.

President—Vere Abbey

Vice-President—G. Alfred Snider.

Secretary—Ethel L. Mabuce.

Treasurer—J. D. Druschel.

Chaplain—Frank S. Young.

Historian—A. Amy Spalding.

Poet—Stuart H. Stoke.

Prophet—Lulu Ruppert.



VERE ABBEY — Philalethean; Eureka; Chemist.

"I am not afraid of bullets nor shots from the mouth of a cannon,  
But of a thundering 'no!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman.  
That, I confess, I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it."

ETHEL MABUCE—Thalonian; Soangetaha; Assistant Registrar.

"The acts of this life are the destinies of the next."

GEORGE SNIDER—Thalonian; Eureka; Silent.

"Giving advice is sometimes only showing our wisdom at the expense of others."

ALICE AMY SPALDING—Philalethean; Soangetaha.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love."

B. D. NYSEWANDER—Thalonian; Eulogonian.

"He was a faithful man  
And feared God above many."

ROBERT TRESSLER—Philalethean.

"The force of his own merit makes his way—a gift that heaven gives to him."

LULU RUPERT—Thalonian; Soangetaha; Reader.

"A countenance in which did meet sweet records, and promises as sweet."

MARGARET DEMAREE.

"A person with a grumbling spirit may eat a very poor dinner from a silver plate, while one with a grateful heart may feast upon a crust."



O. B. BRUBAKER—Thalonian; Eulogonian.  
 "Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you  
 choose, he has 'em,  
 But he lacks the one merit of kindling  
 enthusiasm,  
 If he stirs you at all, it is just, on my soul,  
 Like being stirred up with the very North  
 Pole."



J. D. DRUSCHELL—Thalonian; Eulogonian.  
 "I can easier teach twenty what were  
 good to be done, than to be one of the  
 twenty to follow mine own teaching."



EDNA BENNET—Philalethean; Soangetaha.  
 "I have no other but a woman's reason:  
 I think him so because I think him so."



CHAS. P. CULVER—Thalonian; Eulogonian.  
 "There is (Culver) so natty and jaunty  
 and gay,  
 Who says his best things in so foppish a  
 way,  
 With conceits and pet phrases so thickly  
 o'erlaying 'em,  
 That one hardly knows whether to thank  
 him for saying 'em."



STUART M. STOKE—Thalonian; Eulogonian.  
 "High aims form high characters, and  
 great objects bring out great minds."



HELEN SMITH—Thalonian; Soangetaha.  
 "I find earth not gray but rosy,  
 Heaven not grim but fair of hue.  
 Do I stoop I pluck a posy,  
 Do I stand and stare, all's blue."



FRANK S. YOUNG—Thalonian; Eurekan;  
 Electrician.  
 "Have a purpose in life, and having it,  
 throw into your work such strength of  
 mind and muscle as God has given you."



LEE TAN PIEW—Thalonian; Eulogonian;  
 Artist.  
 "By reason polished and by arts re-  
 fined."

FERMMAE GOYINGS—Thalonian; Cheerful.  
 "Politeness is the outward garment of  
 good will."

## Junior Class History

As every history is a story of the victories and defeats in the lives of men and women, so the history of our Junior class is no exception. Our members have come to Taylor from many different places and at various times; but the fact that we are here now proves that our past, however varied it may have been, has scored at least one common victory. That of entering school here.

Of the original Freshman class there are only two who remain with us today, Mr. Snider and Mr. Abbey.

Vere Abbey is our president. He excels us all in height; and in some other respects, too. Then he is a "winner" in debates, a "base" singer in the male quartette, "fourth" assistant in the laboratory and "mainstay" and "handyman" of the Volunteer Band. There's one problem, however, that he could never solve—social privileges; and whether he ever solves it or whether it solves him is a question.

That fellow with the gold teeth? Yes, that's George Snider. We couldn't get along without Snider and Young. Mr. Snider keeps us all supplied with groceries and the latest thing in news. Besides, he took College Algebra! Like Mr. Abbey, George Snider has one insurmountable difficulty. He is unable to be "quiet." Mr. Young, on the contrary, has an insatiable desire for Greek roots and the English language. He wires the dorms and paints our houses, while papering is a fine art with him.

Mr. Culver is also among our most invaluable members, for he's the "College Tailor." It is to him that we owe our immaculate appearance, and when we are all looking our best, he tells us "How Ruby Played."

Miss Mabuce, our secretary, has always been an indispensable member. She says that she made a failure selling books, but she seems to be very successful at keeping them; and no matter how much we bother her in the office she never misses her classes. She has a tendency, however, to look down upon the opposite sex, unlike our modest, brown-eyed Edna Bennett, who does persist in looking up. Besides this accomplishment Miss Bennett gives us wonderful readings. Miss Spalding falls in line with all the rest. She is a quiet girl who never did anything and even keeps her aspirations to herself.

Mr. Lee came over from China to be a member of our class and even though the English language was somewhat turned around at first, he excels in the German and finds nothing else too hard to master now.

That young man with the business-like air is Mr. Druschel. He is president of our Prohibition League, and makes business trips to Virginia.

Last year three new members joined our ranks. When Mr. Nysewander came we all thought from his venerable bearing that he must have wandered long in scholarly halls, but upon learning that he is one of our youngest we overlook his tendency of turning his eye over at a certain A(e)ngle! Miss Smith, an editor's daughter, has often helped us all with her wise counsel and smiling face, while Miss Ruppert is our prophetess and does many things well, excelling in Expression. This year we gladly welcomed four new members. Miss Demaree, our lady of wisdom, always busy with her bookkeeping; Mr. Brubaker, whom we know as a good student, and you will, too, when we tell you that he likes Latin, all he can get. Mr. Stoke is our poet and he says that his greatest problem has been athletics, but it seems to be understood that a greater problem sometimes troubles him, and that is, how much sugar it will take to place him on an equality with the fair sex who are "schon zu susz." Mr. Tressler we learned to appreciate as soon as he came because of his love for God and his fellowmen.

We stand as a class only sixteen in number, but earnest young men and women with a prospect of proving as fair a class of Seniors as any which have ever been graduated from Taylor. We feel that we are an exceptional class in that so large a number of our members have already felt a call to work in God's harvest either at home or in foreign lands; and we are eagerly awaiting the time when we can fulfill our vocations.

Yet how little can the world ever know of the struggles and lessons to be conquered which have formed a part in the moulding of each character! We do not desire to startle the world with our achievements; we leave that for the Napoleons and the Senior Class; but we do desire that sincerity and honesty of purpose which makes a man king among men wherever he goes and which will enable us to fulfill the purpose of the great Father of All who has shed His light so abundantly into our once darkened souls. Whether these desires for the future are ever accomplished, the future and our prophet alone can tell.

HISTORIAN.



## Junior Class Poem

---

Let each today look back on yesterday,  
With neither sorrow, pain nor sigh;  
For time all cares and troubles doth allay,  
But never lets our pleasures die.

Lessons o'er which we struggled long in vain,  
Our studies which have made us fall,  
Will each remind us joyously again,  
Of school days passed beyond recall.

Deutsch papers thickly splashed with crimson ink,  
Which made us seek our grammar's aid,  
And warned us to use our minds and think,  
Or end the term with shameful grade.

Mathematics, Logic, Greek, and History,  
O most relentless, fatal four!  
Each holds for us a hidden mystery  
To which there is no open door.

The many chapel lessons which we've learned  
Will live throughout the coming years,  
For deep within our mem'ries vaults are burned  
Those messages of love and cheer.

The Dean with solemn visage warns each day  
To shun misconduct's prickly thorns,  
And by his life of goodness shows the way  
To Him, who for our follies mourns.

But each beloved friend and classmate dear  
Shall hold a place in our regard,  
And never needs grim time's erasure fear  
From mem'ries page by time unmarred.

Though dim for mortals is the future's view,  
This much we know: if we but dare,  
And if we be but steadfast, strong and true,  
Our lives shall richest fruitage bear.

—S. M. Stoke.



## Junior Class Prophecy

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One morning in June, 1926, I was on my way to the schoolroom. As I was impatiently waiting for a car I thought of a day in June, ten years before, when the Senior class of 1916 marched into Shreiner Auditorium for the last time. Where were they—"Coming, the wizard of the scientific world. Chicago American," rang the shrill voice of the newsboy. I secured a paper and was languidly looking at the headlines, when suddenly I gave a gasp of surprise. There it was, stretching in huge black type across the white page. I read, "Frank Young, wizard of science; wonderful Mirroscope." I called upon my former classmate and learned that the invention was an appliance to be attached to an aeroplane. It consisted of a set of reflecting mirrors of telescopic power, made to focus upon a large portion of the earth so that everything that went on in that part could be distinctly seen.

The inventor invited me to accompany him and we would try to locate the Juniors of 1915. As we rose he adjusted the appliance. Soon we caught sight of a large crowd assembled in the open air. It was a camp-meeting. "We will find some Taylor students here," remarked Mr. Young, and true to expectations we recognized two old classmates. As the congregation, under Mr. Culver's baton, poured out God's praise, it seemed as if we could hear the old song the students loved so well, "I will follow where he leads me." Then Tressler, the noted evangelist, addressed the assembled thousands.

In a nearby city we saw another assembly. "There's Senator J. D. Druschel. He is making a speech. Do you know he was one of the influential men who helped to get the constitutional amendment for national prohibition five years ago?" explained my companion. Next we saw a lovely western city, Pasadena. Hurrying up the campus of the University was Miss Demaree who was teaching shorthand and bookkeeping there. In the same city we saw a beautiful home among the orange trees and sitting on the veranda was the mistress, whom I had known as Edna Bennett. Presently a tall man came striding up the walk, who was formerly known at Speicher Parlor.

Then came a glimpse of Taylor. It was Commencement Day. The students and faculty were marching from Shreiner Auditorium to the Dining Hall and among the faculty I recognized Helen Smith, who, from the dignity with which she carried herself, I knew must be the Preceptress. Among the visitors were George Snider, who I learned was devoting his life to the promotion of the Epworth League. He was keeping Bachelor's Hall, for he found no one who would suit. Soon we saw Nysewander, preaching in northern Indiana, and Brubaker making his name famous in Ann Arbor through his wonderful Latin translations.

During the night the aeroplane flew to the eastern hemisphere. In Peking, on the University campus, we saw a small group of natives and Americans engaged in earnest conversation. It was T. P. Lee, Amy Spalding, Ethel Mabuce and Vere Abbey. On every face was stamped the mark of spiritual achievement which comes to every true missionary. In the harbor of Seoul lay an American steamer and on its deck we recognized the face of S. M. Stoke, who was going abroad to do some research work, before accepting the chair of modern languages in the State University of Texas.

We then returned to America and our trip was over. As we slowly descended I felt contented, for I had looked once more into the faces of my T. U. classmates.

LULU RUPERT.

## Sophomore Class

---

Motto: "Not at the top but climbing."

Colors: Purple and White.

### OFFICERS.

President—N. Everett Hanson.

Vice-President—Robert H. Williams.

Secretary—Beatrix Graves.

Treasurer—J. B. Vickery.

Prophet—Alice E. Eskes.

Poet—Dora Regester.

Historian—Barton Pogue.



MYRTLE CRIDER—Philalethean; Soangetaha.

"To have ideas is to gather flowers;  
To think, is to weave them into garlands."

PAUL BROWN—Philalethean; Eureka.

"There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable that I would not rather know it than not."

J. B. VICKERY—Philalethean; Eulogonian.

"Who does the best his circumstances allows,  
Does well, sits nobly; angels could do no more."

A. O. BUSTAMANTE—Philalethean; Eureka.

"Daily with souls that cringe and plot  
We Sinais climb and know it not."

BEAUTRIX GRAVES—Philalethean.

"There is no real life but cheerful life."

N. E. HANSON—Thalonian; Eulogonian.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

WORTH PETERS—Thalonian.

"Be noble; and the nobleness that lies  
in other men, sleeping but never dead, will  
rise in majesty to meet thine own."

ALICE ESKES—Thalonian; Soangetaha.

"I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too."





HERSCHEL STOKE—Thalonian; Eurekan.  
 "The important thing in life is to have a  
 great aim,  
 And to possess aptitude and the persever-  
 ance to attain it."



OLIN ROSE—Thalonian; Eulogonian.  
 "There is no more helpful and profiting  
 exercise than surmounting difficulties."



BARTON POGUE—Philalethean; Eurekan.  
 "Dream manfully and nobly, and thy  
 dreams shall be prophets."



ROBERT WILLIAMS—Thalonian; Eulogon-  
 ian.  
 "Be not simply good but be good for  
 something."



Where the students raise potatoes.



Where the potatoes raise the students.

## Sophomore Class History

---

As history records the achievements and defeats of individuals, we take the liberty to place on record the historical facts as regards the eleven members of the class of 1917.

There is N. E. Hanson, calm and precise, who graduated with the T. U. Academy class of '13. In the fall of '14 the members of the Sophomore class saw fit to make him their president for the scholastic year.

Miss Graves, a jolly little maid, came to us from the Upland High School. She has been able, for two years, to accomplish the mile walk from town on record time.

Now Vickery, J. B., cuts hair for a livelihood and dreams glorious dreams of the future when all the world will be full of Shannon books and K. T.'s "don't you know."

From the sunny hills of Kentucky, Miss Crider "hop scotched" back to her home state, and began life right, at Taylor, as a member of the class of '17. Miss Crider is Taylor's only lady preacher.

The phenomenon of this crowd is Paul Brown, who can sleep in Psychology class and still make 100 in his examination. Paul, like Joseph of old, followed his brethren to this land of knowledge. He hails from the Danville, Illinois, High school.

Miss Eskes, of the Academy class '14, is a quiet lady whose accomplishments are too numerous to mention.

Columbus (Ohio) High School produced Robert Williams, who joined us in the Freshman year. Bob plays a violin, and the music he makes is a balm to weary hearts.

A graduate of the T. U. Academy class of '14, poetess for the Sophomore class, and a reader of great ability is Miss Regester, of Montana. It was in the fall that a diamond ring came to this young lady, and we fear that she will not remain in these halls of learning till 1917.

L. M. Brooke, silent and well regarded by all, is a gift of the Academy class of '14. He vies with Vickery in the art of shearing our heads.

Taylor has dealt kindly with A. O. Bustamante, the son of Cuban elime. Diligent work on Algebra three made it possible for him to join the Academy class of '14. "Busty" came direct to Taylor from his native land, but the years of his training have made him a powerful lecturer and preacher.

Lastly, here's hoping that you will never forget B. R. Pogue, the recorder of Sophomore events and a member of the Academy class of '14. Pogue escaped being a "Freshie" by a close margin. Ask Prof. Lee.

One social event of the year must be recorded. On Hallowe'en the Freshmen and Sophomores came together in the "gym" for an informal reception. It was an affair that was informal in every sense of the word. All minds were receptive to "spook truth," and the goblins were with us for council and advice.



## Sophomore Class Poem

---

Not at the top, but climbing,  
Hurrah for the Sophomore crew.  
Hanson and Brown, Brooke and Williams,  
And Bustamante, too,  
Vickery, the smiling barber,  
Pogue with his Riley lore,  
These are the men of our company;  
The ladies are only four,  
Miss Eskes, Miss Graves, and Miss Crider,  
Miss Regester last in the line;  
They're not at the top, but climbing,  
And they're doing things worth while.

Now Hanson's a basket ball player,  
And a great debater, too,  
He wears the pink and yellow,  
For he's a Thalo through and through.

He's president of our company,  
And he works with earnest vim;  
In facing life's future problems  
That fellow is bound to win.

Paul Brown is quite small of stature,  
But he has a three-decker brain;  
Just what he will do in the future  
Hasn't yet been made quite plain.

Perhaps he will be a lawyer,  
Perhaps he will till the soil.  
No matter, whatever his calling,  
He'll win out with good honest toil.

Leslie M. Brooke is another,  
With talents worthy of note.  
He's one of those diligent students  
On whom the Professors all dote.

What will he do in the future?  
Leave that to the prophet, I pray.  
We are glad he belongs to the climbers  
Who will win fame and honor some day.

As a great violinist, Bob Williams  
Is noted all over our school,  
And he's one of those jolly good fellows,  
Who Follows the Golden Rule.

We doubt not that honor will crown him,  
When he gets to the top of the hill,  
And Williams will reach the far summit,  
As surely as all our class will.

From Cuba comes Bustamante,  
And thither will he return,  
When he's finished his education,  
And knows all there is to learn.

He will preach the blessed gospel,  
In that island of the sea,  
He will tell the souls in darkness  
Christ alone can make them free.

Mr. Vickery's an excellent barber,  
And a student worthy of praise,  
He will reap when his school work is finished,  
A harvest of well spent days.

He will probably teach the heathen  
In some dark benighted land.  
May the spirit of Christ rest upon him  
As he goes on his mission grand.

That Barton R. Pogue is a wonder,  
As a preacher or reader he's fine,  
As an orator, too, we will laud him,  
When June does her roses entwine.

He loves to read Riley lyrics,  
He can do them with excellent skill.  
Whatever his task he accepts it  
And does it with hearty good will.

And now for the ladies. Miss Eskes  
Stands well at the head of her class;  
Discouragement never can daunt her,  
For she's bound to bring things to pass.

She will go as a missionary,  
When her college work is done,  
And from India's darkened nation  
Will come souls that she has won.

When that black-eyed lass came to Taylor,  
We called her Miss Beatrix Graves;  
She's charming and quite a bright student,  
But she has rather mischievous ways.

Her destiny seems to be hidden.  
Perhaps she will sew, bake or scrub;  
But whenever she thinks of the scrubbing,  
She says to herself, "There's the rub."

One look at Miss Crider will show you  
That whatever the duty assigned,  
She will do it with honest endeavor,  
And that type of girl's hard to find.

We're proud to have her as a member  
Of our class, but we very much fear  
That we shall not be able to keep her,  
For she graduates next year.

In her home far away near the Rockies,  
In a kitchen that's tasty and neat,  
One member will be quite domestic,  
And will make the good things to eat.

She's the last of the Sophomore company,  
So goodbye to the class '17.  
May good luck and high honor attend you,  
And may you win highest esteem.

—D. M. R.



## Freshman Class

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Motto :

Colors : Green and White.

### OFFICERS.

President—Wm. Stuart.

Vice-President—Roy Ellinghouse.

Secretary—Marie Gibbs.

Treasurer—W. F. Patterson.

Prophet—Marie Gibbs.

Poet—Lois Vayhinger.

Historian—Roy H. Ellinghouse.





KENNETH AYRES—Philalethean; Eurekan; Scientist.

"Ideas are like beards.

Men do not have them until they grow up."

SYBILLA STEELMAN—Philalethean; Soangetaha.

"Good humor is one of the best articles of dress one can wear in society."

WILLIAM STUART—Thalonian; Eurekan; Head Waiter.

"And I honor the man who is willing to sink

Half his present repute for the freedom to think."

MARIE GIBBS—Philalethean; Soangetaha.

"Die when I may, I want it said of me, by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

WARNER F. PATTERSON—Philalethean; Eurekan.

"Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,

I shan't run directly against my own preaching."

GLADYS MILLER—Thalonian.

"Love is the life of a woman."

JOSEPH BLADES—Philalethean; Eulogonian.

"The best and noblest are those which are set toward high ideals."

MARGUERITE BUGHER—Thalonian; Soangetaha.

"Her hair, her manners, all who see her admire."



LESLIE BROOK—Thalonian. Anything else?  
A Gentleman.

"It is from out of the depths of our humility,  
That the height of our destiny looks  
grandest."

LOIS VAYHINGER—Philalethean.

"She most attracts who longest can refuse."

HENRY SCHLARB—Philalethean; Eulogonian; Shareholder.

"To lift men up, this mine aim,  
Away with pomp and pride and fame,  
Through light and darkness, fire and  
flame,  
To lift them up."

MYRTLE LEAMON—Thalonian; Soangetahan. A jolly girl.

"She hath a natural, wise sincerity, a  
simple truthfulness."

CLINTON BUSHEY—Thalonian; Eulogonian.

"Do right and fear no one; thou mayest  
be sure that with all thy consideration for  
the world thou wilt never satisfy the  
world."

MABEL PARKS—Philalethean.

"Kindness has converted more sinners  
than zeal, eloquence or learning."

FLOYD BARNETT—Philalethean; Eulogonian.

"I believe the first test of a truly great  
man is his humility."

MRS. J. B. VICKERY—Philalethean.

"If you have tried, and have not won,  
Never stop for crying;  
All that's great and good is done  
Just by patient trying."



WILLIAM STAFFORD—Philalethean; Eulogonian; Athlete.

"No man can lift up his head with manly calmness and peace who is the slave of other men's judgments."

HARVEY BROWN—Philalethean; Eurekan.

"When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'  
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

PHILIP SMITH—Thalonian; Eulogonian. A happy man.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

THURMAN MOTT—Thalonian; Eulogonian.

"Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please"

Second! Second!

FRED HALL—Philalethean; Eulogonian.

"Work is not man's punishment. It is his reward and his strength, his glory and his pleasure."

EMILY STRONG—Thalonian; Soangetahan.

"What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other."

HOMER KIRK—Thalonian; Eulogonian.

"I take it to be a principal rule of Life, not to be much addicted to any one thing."



ROY ELLINGHOUSE—Philalethean; Eulogian; Orator.

"The earnest men are so few in the world that their very earnestness becomes at once the badge of their nobility."



HAZEL CARROL—Thalo.

"Kind words cost nothing but are worth much."

ARLIE CORTNER—Thalo; Preacher.

"Cortner sits in a mystery, calm and intense,  
And looks coolly around him with sharp common sense."



Caught in the act.



In days of yore.



"Off again, on again, gone again."

T. U. Male Quartette.



"Dean Ayres, it was accidental."



## Freshman Class History

The career of the Freshman class has been one of progress since the early part of October, 1914, when the class called its first meeting and organized under the leadership of William Stuart. Although many interesting events have made the college Freshman a vital part of Taylor life, the writer intends to give a few characteristics of the class and its members rather than a detailed history.

The members of the class came from eight states of the Union and from two foreign countries. They have not all had equal opportunities. Some have difficulties to face, but they deal with them as only a part of their development. The members of the class are:

Kenneth Ayres, Taylor's young scientist, who keeps life in the laboratories. Floyd Barnett, better known as "Spuds." He is the jovial and accommodating waiter at the dining hall.

Joseph Blades, whose logic and philosophy have already helped to win one inter-club debate for the Eulogonian Debating Club.

Harvey Brown, the quiet and reserved student, and "every inch a gentleman."

Marguerite Bugher, the musician with charming eyes.

J. Clinton Bushey, the plumber, whose sincerity has won for him a place in the hearts of his school mates.

Arlie Cortner, who lets no obstacle obstruct his path. He is another Billy Sunday.

Roy H. Ellinghouse, who strikes for honor as a historian in the halls of Taylor.

Marie Gibbs, whose smiles and cheerful disposition makes friends for her everywhere.

J. Fred Hall, the mechanic with the curly hair.

Homer R. Kirk, the man whom the North Indiana Conference recognizes as a successful preacher.

Myrtle Leamon, the girl who is natural.

Gladys Miller, whose modesty demands respect.

Thurmon Mott—the care of the infant almost keeps him from classes.

Walter Oliver, who comes to us from New Jersey. He works as an evangelist. God has called him to be a missionary in Africa and he is now preparing for that work.

Mabel Park, "the soul of neatness." Order always follows in her path.

Warner F. Patterson, who excels in English and in languages. His articles are not uncommon occurrences in the "Echo."

Olin S. Rose, he hailed from Illinois and has recently joined our number. Although awarded a Harvard Scholarship because of his past record, he has made Taylor his preference.

Henry C. Schlarb, "the district school teacher." His logic and perseverance have assisted in winning a victory for the Eulogonians. As a reward the Championship pennant now adorns his room.

P. B. Smith. His jovial good-naturedness causes him to be liked by all who know him.

Sybilla Steelman, the typical college girl.

William Stafford, Taylor's basketball champion.

Emily Strong, whose career as a vocalist has just begun.

Lois Vayhinger, the suffragette. She takes an active part in student organizations and has held the office of Recording Secretary of the Philalethean Literary Society.

William Stuart, the athlete of the school and the advertiser of lost articles in the dining hall. He won first honors on the tennis team on Field Day 1913-1914. He is the President of this class, also President of the Athletic Association and Vice-President of the Thalonian Literary Society.

These students are the graduates of the High Schools and Academies of the land. They have caught a glimpse of the busy world and have felt its throbbing life. With that experience has come a longing for self-expansion, an ambition to grow a little bigger and broader each day, to push the "horizons of ignorance" a little farther away and to become a little wiser and more of a force in the world.

It is not a selfish motive that led these students to the halls of Taylor. They do not desire to coin their ability into dollars. The commercial prizes are not their ultimate goals. They have caught a vision of something higher, something nobler—service to their fellowmen.



## An Ode to the Freshies

Here's to the T. U. Freshman class,  
A class so large and strong,  
We trust her motto e'er shall stand,  
And her members' lives be long.

Though we've just mounted the college stairs  
We never intend to stop,  
For by studying hard on Deutch and Greek,  
Some day we'll reach the top.

Here's to our President Stuart,  
A sturdy, light haired lad,  
In basket ball he's quite a star,  
And in studies not so bad.

The next in line is Ellinghouse,  
Who wields the gavel well  
When Stuart is waylaid by the girls  
And can not break the spell.

Our worthy scribe is Fraulein Gibbs,  
And though she's fair and light,  
Her one peculiar faculty  
Is going out by Knight.

There's Patterson, who holds the bag,  
And handles all our wealth.  
He deals it out quite carefully,  
And beats the Dean for stealth.

Here's Cortner, Kirk and also Schlarb,  
Sky pilots of the class,  
Sybilla Steelman we all know,  
A very solemn lass.

Stafford's the star in basket ball,  
And Hall's mechanic now;  
It once was Bushey, but he's quit  
To run his lovely skow.

There's Gladys Miller, gentle maid,  
And one she's often with,  
A gentleman from Florida,  
Who bears the name of Smith.

And there's our Kenneth, naughty boy,  
The baby of the class,  
Who lost his Social Privileges  
For calling on his lass.

Barnett is from the Buckeye State.  
He has the job of waiter.  
And Blades desires that Taylor U.  
Shall be his Alma Mater.

Miss Leamon is a Wolverine,  
Her chum is just the same,  
With real brown hair and light blue eyes,  
Emily Strong by name.

Mrs. Vickery we all know,  
Who taps her bell so lightly,  
Whenever any lad or lass  
Laughs or talks too sprightly.

There's Marguerite, who's fair to see,  
With eyes for only Brown.  
Her surname we all know as Bugher,  
She comes from our own town.

Miss Park and Mr. Oliver  
To foreign lands will go,  
To help benighted heathen friends  
The blessed Christ to know.

We used to have a lovely Rose,  
It came from the Sucker State,  
But when the wind began to blow,  
It sought the Golden Gate.

Our class has but one benedict,  
Who's Mr. Mott by name,  
But Harvey Brown, too, we all know,  
Aspires to be the same.

So here's to the T. U. Freshman class,  
All twenty-five you see;  
There's one I haven't mentioned yet,  
But that is only me.

—A. Nony Mous.



## Academy Seniors

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Motto: "Love prevails."

Colors: Gold and Blue.

Flower: Lily-of-the-Valley.

### OFFICERS.

President—Joseph Imler.

Vice-President—Robert Morris.

Recording Secretary—Hazel Tolles.

Treasurer—Axel Eckblad.

Chaplain—Miller Harding.

Prophet—J. T. Ishii.

Poet—Chester Huffman.

Historian—O. C. Brown.

Legal Adviser—F. P. Parker.



JOSEPH IMLER—Philalethean; Eureka.  
"He was a man in whom I had an absolute trust."



HAZEL TOLLES—Philalethean.  
"No bars, bolts, or padlocks are as strong as a maiden's reserve."



MILES C. PERRY—Philalethean; Eulogonian.  
"The better I am, the worse I get."



ROBERT MORRIS—Thalonian; Eureka.  
"I do present you with a man of mine—cunning in music and athletics."



GEORGE LEBER—Thalonian; Eulogonian.  
"A fair skinned youth, with rosy cheeks and innocence that speaketh loud."



JOSEPH COULTER—Thalonian; Eulogonian.  
"It is the young man who can neither be turned aside from his settled purpose by the world's dread or laugh, nor by its scorn, that makes his mark."



PURCIL C. PARKER—Thalonian; Eulogonian.  
"The smith a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands."



LILLIAN SKOW.  
Patience, humility and utter forgetfulness of self are the true royal qualities.





AXEL ECKBLAD — Thalonian; Eurekan;  
North Dakotan.  
"Formed on the good old plan,  
A true and brave and downright honest  
man."



MILLER I. HARDING—Eulogonian; Post-  
master.  
"A good temper is like sunshine,  
It sheds its brightness everywhere."



DONALD KIRKMAN—Thalonian; Eurekan.  
"Too young art thou, for Cupid's darts  
to harm thee."



DELLA BROOK—Thalonian; Soangetahan;  
Story Writer.  
"Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low,  
An excellent thing in woman."



CHARLES BLOOAH—Philalethean; Eure-  
kan; African Debater, and Soloist.  
"Speech is silver, but silence is golden."



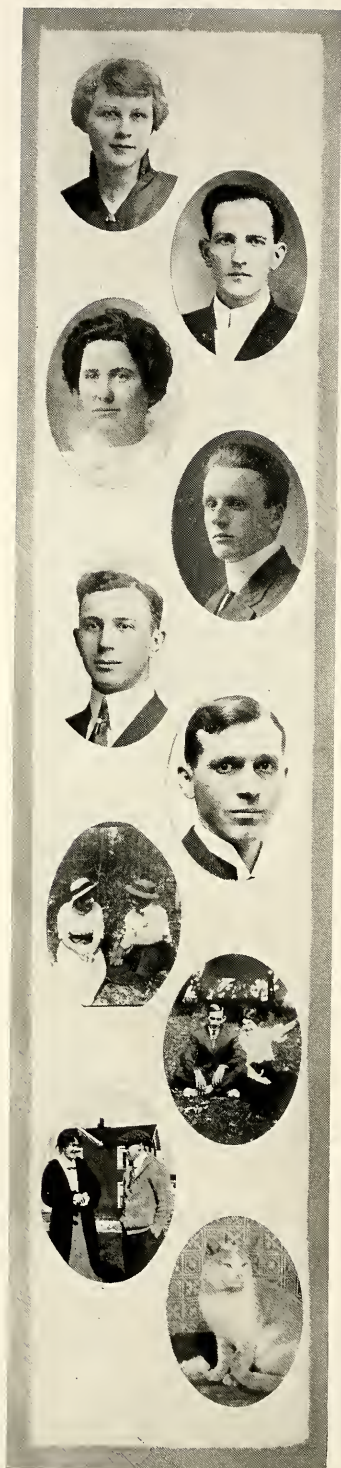
JAMES ISHII — Thalonian; Eulogonian;  
Evangelist and Social Reformer.  
"Small in stature but large in intellect."



MAUD PAYTON—Thalcnian; Meek and Mod-  
est.  
"The temple of our purest thoughts is  
—silence."



ELLA SCHARER—Philalethean; Twice Ger-  
man.  
"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance given by looks;  
Continual comfort in her face."



OSELINE HANCOCK—Philo; Musician.  
 "May all your hours in sweetest bliss be  
 spent,  
 Crowned with friendship, happiness, con-  
 tent."

E. O. McNULTY—Thalo; Barber.  
 "When in the course of human life,  
 Five things observe with care;  
 To whom you speak, of whom you speak,  
 And how, and when and where."

MARY F. JONES—Philo; Housekeeper.  
 "May your joys be as deep as the ocean  
 And your sorrows as light as the foam."

BASIL T. OSBORNE—Philo; Prophet.  
 "Purchase no friends by gifts; when  
 thou ceasest to give, such will cease to  
 love."

DON THOMPSON—Philo; Tall.  
 "The girl of my choice must be free from  
 disguise;  
 Show her heart in her face and her soul in  
 her eyes."

O. C. BROWN—Philo; Eureka.  
 "Speech is a faculty given to man to  
 conceal his thoughts."

"Where nothing is sure but the expense."

"May you through life remain the same,  
 Unchanged in all except your name."  
 —Browning.

"The only victory over love is flight."

Mrs. Pogue's Cat.

## Senior Academy Class History

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The leaders of tomorrow are the scholars of today. With this inspiring truth imbedded deeply in each soul of the Academy Seniors, we have boldly fought, struggled, and obtained (in some measure, at least) the golden seed that shall bud, blossom and mature into dreamers and leaders of the future.

The history of this illustrious class of the year 1915 should encourage us in the present and inspire us in the future to pure thoughts and noble deeds.

The name of the ship upon which this class has made its voyage is "EXCELSIOR." She is rigged in splendid style and travels well nigh the average pace, either on a smooth or rough sea.

EXCELSIOR was launched from the dock in the early fall of 1914, under a full head of steam; slowly and cautiously she moved up to the wharf, where twenty-three Seniors embarked for the port of Commencement. It is said by some, (who, of course, should know), that more sense, science, and art talent are found on board the EXCELSIOR than ever was known before. Among those who compose this class are found evangelists, preachers, missionaries, musicians, artists; and it is to be hoped, some keepers of the parsonages.

Of the fifty-eight Academy students who have been on board in the past four years, there are but twenty-three who finish the trip. Six of these have been on board four years; five, three years; four, two years; and eight but one year. Two-thirds of our class are young men, one-third young women.

There are nine States and three Nations represented among our passengers.

With this history of the past behind us and the inviting future before us, we arrive at college port June 16, 1915, under full steam with Old Rose and Gold flying. Having learned the lesson well that "love prevails," we advance, some to college and some to other fields of labor and study, praying the Father of all good gifts, to help us teach others that "love prevails."

## Senior Academy Prophecy

One afternoon, as I sat in the Senior class meeting, bored and drowsy, and the loquacious members prolonged the endless discussion concerning the affairs of their marvelous class, my head fell slumbering upon the desk, and I slept through near and distant sounds in the building, through the peeling of the deep-toned bell and the stampede of my departing class-mates.

When I awoke, I found myself, to my consternation, resting on a bed in a room. It was the hospital of Taylor University, which had to be founded when the chronic hook-worm disease came upon me in that class meeting of 1913, for by the calendar which was suspended at the entrance of the room I soon realized that it was the year 1930, and that I had slept for fifteen long years without a break. I was aghast at the fate of being a second Rip Van Winkle. With hunger pangs gnawing at my vitals, I staggered to my feet, crawled to the Dining hall and gazed in—and lo! and behold! a revolution for which I had so long wished had now taken place. Instead of beans and hashes, the tables were loaded with roast fowls, baked meats, salads of every kind, frosted cakes, island floats, whipped creams, and fruits and flowers of every variety. In the center of the hall a banner was unfurled upon which was written in bold letters, “Reunion of 1915 Class.” How my heart leaped for joy at the thought of meeting my class-mates again! So, after satisfying my long standing hunger, I began to talk with the strange and dignified people present. Here comes Judge Parker, the most stiff, unbending, statue-like person in the whole company. Then I shook hands with Mr. Harding, a missionary from China; he had taken his immortal doctrine of patience and humility to the benighted Orientals, besides teaching the Chinese a new system of distributing the mail. Basil Osborne is an influential pastor in New York, and is noted for his piety. How is Miss Skow? Of course, she married a preacher, formerly a plumber by trade, and is as happy as ever. After dinner, we were escorted to the Auditorium, where an entertainment was given by members of the class of 1915. Madam De Stephante sang a solo, accompanied by Mlle. Michelle. They had become famous as musicians in the United States of Europe. Miss Payton, from Silence University, spoke on “The Absurdity of Social Privileges in Colleges.” She was followed by the Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Miss Tolles, who lectured on “The Art of Growing Hair.” Then Mr. Charles Blooah, from Africa, rendered a solo. This magnificent, now world famed, singer still lets his voice roll in stentorian tones from a fissure scarcely wide enough to see; and he still cherishes the habits of rising at 10 o’clock and forgetting every one of his engagements. Senator Perry, a bald-headed gentleman from Wisconsin, made a short speech. His suave manner, grace and sweeping eloquence reminded me of the old days in Eulogonian Debating Club. During the recess, Mr. Victor Peavy, millionaire manager of an aeroplane concern, offered the party a ride on what is called Kirkman’s Electric Aeroplane, invented by one of our class-mates, who used to receive from his room-mates such unmerciful advice to refrain from certain favorite phases of his life on the ground that he was too young.

“Bobby” Morris did go to China, after all, and has become an instructor in voice and physical training in a College. Our good Swedish friend, Ekblad, had invented a remarkable binder that cuts, thrashes, grinds the wheat and makes the flour into bread at one operation. Brother Coulter still retains his favorite mode of public utterance, pulling out the last syllable of every word and sentence in a long nasal india rubber way. He is the proprietor of a thousand-acre farm in Dakota, the revenue of which he spends for missions. In the remote corner of the field he erected a little church in which he preaches every Sunday to his ten hired hands. Mr. O. C. Brown is a College Professor in Japan. He has a class of loud and expert talkers whom he is training to be auctioneers. O. C. has certainly applied the extra oratorical practice of which he had so eagerly availed himself in his classes at T. U. Dr. George Leber of Pennsylvania University presided at the evening meeting in the Chapel. An interesting personal experience was related by Mrs. Jones, the president of the Woman’s Missionary Society. Prof. Alice Hinshaw delivered an address in Latin. Miss Brook told an amusing incident of her journey to China, and Miss Scharer that was, now the wife of a prominent holiness clergyman, talked on “How to Be Happy Though Married.” Miss Hancock pleaded with the class to vote for Miss Dancy, who was running for the Presidency on the Woman Suffrage ticket. After a short address by Mr. Thompson, M. D., Bishop Imler arose and poured forth his matchless eloquence. His text was, “Watchman, What of the Night?” and by way of illustration he related his experiences as a janitor and how difficult it was to regulate heat in the Chapel. The Bishop closed his discourse by urging his class-mates to be forever true to T. U., and to the class of 1915.

J. T. ISHII.



## Last Will and Testament of the Senior Academy Class

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We, the Senior Academy Class of Taylor University, town of Upland, County of Grant, State of Indiana, being absolutely sane, and realizing that our Academy life, with its pleasures and sorrows, is at an end, do herewith ordain and declare this to be our last will and testament, the following, to-wit:

First, from our lofty positions as Seniors, we observe the almost perplexed and discouraged Juniors, trying to grasp the thoughts and ideas of greater minds and aspiring to illustrious fame and knowledge. We hereby bequeath to them a cake of Fels Naphtha Soap, to eradicate the grime with which they must come in contact during their modern research. They also have our unrestricted felicitations.

Second: To the Sophomore assembly we bequeath a pencil and small sheet of paper, that they may keep an account of their original thoughts and sayings, and their noble ideas as to what life should be. We also donate them a few barrel hoops to slip over their heads to keep them from bursting.

Third: To the Freshman Class we bequeath a whale—fish make excellent brain food. We will also give to them a large box of stick-to-it-iveness.

Fourth: To our beloved Brother Atkinson, who is working in the financial interest of T. U., we bequeath our utmost sanction. God bless and make him a blessing to Taylor is our prayer.

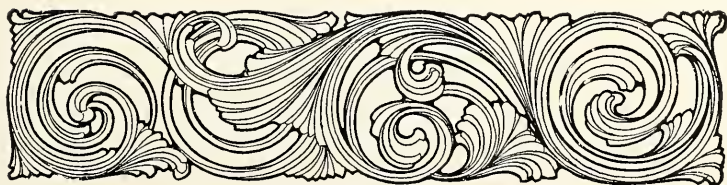
Fifth: To the Faculty, who in times past, (and we believe that throughout the future it will be the same) have laid down the best of their lives as a sacrifice to God and T. U., we hereby bequeath our utmost support, with prayers and a word of encouragement at every opportunity.

Sixth: To Dean Ayres, who is loved and highly esteemed by all those who abide by the rules of the Institution, but is thought to be "always on the job" by those who do not like to obey laws, we bid God-speed and promise that our sincere affection and friendship for him shall not only last during our College career, but throughout the remaining years of our lives.

Seventh: To our President, Dr. Vayhinger, we say that words fail us when we try to express our appreciation for his untiring mind and body, laboring in behalf of this University. We overlook the fact and forgive him for forgetting a few things of minor importance.

Eighth: Last, but not least, we bequeath our lives, the best that we are, and the best that we shall be, to the Living God, for the betterment of His cause here upon earth, and for the uplifting of humanity.

F. P. PARKER.



## Senior Academy Poem

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As glides the moon in starry paths,  
So must each mortal move;  
Rejecting all the things of earth  
That once he seemed to love.  
For he must take a forward course,  
Nor turn to left or right,  
If wisdom's path he would pursue,  
And in God's love delight.

Man must go onward as the moon,  
Be strengthened every day;  
Pass by the place that once was dear,  
And keep the narrow way,  
For each true thoughtful man doth strive  
To reach the mark, the goal,  
That God hath set for sons of men,  
In spirit, mind and soul.

It is for this that we have come,  
Have passed earth's pleasures by;  
And placed our hopes in God's own will,  
Where they shall ever lie.  
We're here today because we left  
The world, and once-loved sin,  
To learn of Him, His love, His will,  
And peace that dwells within.

As Seniors now we firmly stand,  
Nor falter in the strife.  
We'll fight for God, while here on earth,  
Though friends may fail, or life.  
We're here for duty, one and all,  
The cross we'll bravely bear;  
At last in Heaven's fair realms we'll meet,  
And in God's glory share.

As members of this Senior class,  
Our number doth contain  
Some future leaders, brave and true,  
And men who will proclaim  
The Word of God, where'er they are,

At home, or far away;  
And women true who will not fail  
In duty through life's day.

In scholarship, for truth and right,  
We've suffered hand in hand;  
We've suffered much through doubts and  
fears;  
As victors here we stand.  
Our hearts now all unite as one,  
Our minds contain one thought;  
To live the life our vision shows,  
And count the pain as naught.

O, Taylor, now our praise to thee,  
Protection, love and care,  
Thou hast bestowed on all thy sons,  
For thou wert wrought through prayer.  
We praise thee for thy mother love,  
As we inherit Peace,  
True Charity, Devotion, Care,  
Ability, Release.

The Faculty we've learned to love,  
To thank them one and all  
For patience, and protecting care,  
And watching lest we fall.  
Our thanks can not be uttered here,  
Or written down, or shown;  
But God above notes all their love,  
And will reward His Own.

As glides the moon in starry paths,  
So must each mortal move,  
Rejecting all the things of earth  
That once he seemed to love.  
For he must take a forward course,  
Nor turn to left or right,  
If wisdom's path he would pursue,  
And in God's love delight.

—Chester Hoffman.



## Academy Juniors

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Class Motto: "Loyalty to truth."

Colors: Maroon and Silver Gray.

### OFFICERS.

President—Ray Browning.

Vice-President—Luvada Brown.

Secretary—Hazel B. Ross.

Treasurer—A. C. Lee.

Chaplain—Marcus McIntosh.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Raymond Stillings.

Historian—H. G. Robson.

Prophet—A. C. Lee.

Poet—Donald Hobbs.



ARTHUR G. CARROL—Philalethean; Eureka; Golden Eagle Clerk.

"A man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words."

HAROLD HUFFMAN—Thalonian; Eureka.

"Too young for a man, too old for a boy."

LUVADA BROWN—Philalethean.

"Happy am I, from care I am free,  
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

RAY BROWNING—Philalethean; Eulogonian; Athlete and Automobile Lover.

"We are all born for love,  
It is the principle of existence  
And its only end."

HOWARD KOCH.

"Look out, Dutch! That smile of yours is catching."

HAZEL B. ROSS—Philalethean; Soangetahan.

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

ANDREW JARBOE—Philalethean; Eureka.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

JAMES L. WILLIAMS—Philalethean; Eureka; From England.

"In the long run, a man becomes what he purposes."

GROVER CLEVELAND RALSTON—Thalonian; Eureka; Democrat.

"He is stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,  
Everything by starts, nothing long."

LEO JOHNSON—Thalonian.

"The light on his face shines from the windows of another world."





CLARENCE COOK—Philalethean.  
"He is truly a modest Gentleman."



VICTOR L. PEAVY—Philalethean; Eurekan.  
"Too young to love (?) Ah! say not so!  
Too young (?) too young (?) Ah, no! No!  
NO!"



LELAND GRIFFITH—Philalethean; Eulogonian.  
"As merry as the day is long."



IDA M. STEPHENS—Philalethean; Soange-  
tahan.  
"She is pretty to walk with, witty to talk  
with,  
And pleasant, too, to think on."



ALFRED C. LEE—Philalethean; Eurekan.  
"As tall as a pole  
And a mite thinner."



HARLEY J. MOORE—Thalonian; Eurekan.  
"They grew in beauty, side by side,  
But Harley didn't grow very tall.  
Quoth the Raven, 'Never Mo(o)re.'"



MAUDE WHYBREW—Philalethean; Soan-  
getahan.  
"Gentle in her personage,  
Conduct and equipage,  
Noble by heritage,  
Generous and free."



RAYMOND STILLINGS—Philalethean; Eu-  
rekan.  
"What I have been taught, I have for-  
gotten; what I know I have guessed."



L. C. OSBORN—Thalonian and Handsome.  
"Kind hearts are more than coronets  
And simple faith than Norman blood."



G. L. McCLISH—Thalonian; Eulogonian.  
"Though quiet and unobtrusive, still he  
is a MAN."



MARCUS McINTOSH—Philalethean; Eulogonian.

"The mildest manners with the bravest man."



L. R. NORVILLE—Thalonian; Eurekan.

"His tongue is now like a stringless instrument."



H. G. ROBSON—Thalonian; Eulogonian.

"In arguing, too, he showed his skill,  
For even though vanquished, he could argue still."



REKA TOPP—Thalonian; Soangetahan.

"It's the song you sing and the smile you wear,  
That's making the sun shine everywhere."



DONALD HOBBS—Philalethean; Eurekan.

"A man's a man for all that."



W. E. YEATER—Thalonian; Eurekan.

"Follow copy if it goes out the window."



MAYNARD GRIERSON—Philo Prospective.  
Whatever precept you give, be short."



"Well, Edna, I must go."



Taylor in June.



"Peggy" and "Patty."

## Junior Academy History

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### "Something About Each of Us."

Ray Browning, the class president, hails from the Little Mountain State of West Virginia. Athletics is one of his long-suits, and if you ever have difficulty in locating him, just call at the President's home. He affords a Ford, and runs some.

The Class is given honor in musical circles by Raymond Stillings, the famous T. U. Quartette's second tenor. Raymond is from Ohio and loves his native State very much.

Hazel B. Ross joined us in the Sophomore year. She takes great pride in oratory, and has had considerable experience in the social world.

New York State gave us Leo Johnson, the preacher. He is well acquainted with everybody, and is always ready to smile and shake hands. The world needs more men like Leo.

Marcus McIntosh, with hair the same color as the outer edge of a sunflower, but with a temper as calm as a May breeze, came to us this year from Michigan. Everybody likes Mac.

Upland should be proud of her only representative in our worthy midst, Miss Luvada Brown, who has been with us since we were all "freshies" and whose company has been enjoyed.

Leland Griffith is famous for three things; his "tune," his capacity as first baseman in the Philo team, and his ability as a letter writer to a lady correspondent in his native state of Ohio.

We are all proud of Arthur G. Carroll, one of Indiana's sons. Earlier in life he intended entering railroad circles, but now has the Mission Field for his goal.

There's Reka Topp, whose first remembrances are of the wheat fields of Iowa. She is well known for two qualities, singing and cooking, either of which insures her a successful future.

From Tell City, Indiana, comes our famous Andrew Jarboe. He doesn't have money to make the mare go, but he makes the mare go to make money. "Can't" isn't in Andy's vocabulary.

E. O. McNulty, calm, deliberate, unmovable, persevering, patient, kind, uncompromising, and unchangeable, does honor to our class and the state of Wm. Penn.

Our next subject saw an opportunity to become famous by joining our crowd this year. He claims Ohio as his native state. With black hair, grey eyes, light complexion, and tall, straight form, he approaches a claim to the adjective—handsome. His name is L. C. Osborne.

One of the most important of our number is Alfred C. Lee, better known as Alabama, from whence he comes. For the present his ambition is to develop in oratory and debating in order that the future may be realized—to surpass the "Hero of the Merrimac" as a politician and statesman.

C. G. Cooke stands highest in all of his classes, being about six feet in height. He is a star in mathematics, and has learned how to talk little and say much.

Let us take a look at H. A. Koch, from the Keystone State. More than one year in T. U. without becoming a Philo or Thalo, proves that he has a mind of his own, or none at all.

W. V. Bishop is hopeful for a title similar to his name. He is generally spoken of in class circles as "the finest little fellow of us all." We hold bright prospects for our Bishop.

Harley J. Moore, of Buckeye nativity, is as happy as any of us, and his smile puts new hope into our lives. He isn't very large, but we believe he will make a "big" preacher.

## Academy Junior Poem

'Twas after a day of study and toil,  
And my lamp was burning the midnight oil,  
My pen dropped down from my weary hand  
And I found myself drifting away to dream-  
land.

I dreamed I was back at Taylor again  
And ready my Junior work to begin;  
But very shy I felt, and queer,  
Till I caught the spirit of friendship here.

In my dreams I was introduced to all  
And the place of my dreams was Maria  
Wright Hall  
At old T. U., and there I ween  
I met the faculty, students and Dean.

The President said, "Just feel right at  
home,"  
And I found myself free 'round the campus  
to roam.  
So out of the building I daily did walk  
And with many a friendly student did talk.

And just as I reached the front door of the  
Hall,  
I heard close behind me a gay, cheery call,  
And turning around to see who it could be  
I noticed a gentleman beckoning to me.

He offered his hand without scowling or  
frowning,  
And told me his name was Mr. Ray Brown-  
ing.  
He showed by his actions, to me it did seem,  
That he was the leader of Juniors, '15.

He talked to me much in a right friendly  
way,  
But all of a sudden, with pride he did say,  
"Just a minute, my friend, and I'll show  
you a few  
Of the brilliant students of old T. U."

He left for a moment, but soon he came  
back  
With twenty-four Juniors, a right lively  
pack,  
But a class who were earnest, I clearly  
could see  
As one by one they shook hands with me.

First came a fair lady from Upland town,  
Vice president, name, Miss Luvada Brown;

Then, giving her head a gay little toss,  
Came the secretary, Miss Hazel B. Ross.

Long, lanky Lee was the next in line,  
And as Junior treasurer he did fine;  
Then McIntosh, with his nice red hair,  
The chaplain who leads our class in prayer.

Then from one of "Ohio's fine big farms"  
Came Stillings, the singer, as Sergeant-at-  
Arms;  
Next a great debater, Robson by name,  
Who as class history writer won himself  
fame.

The next in line, what a shame to blow it,  
Came that awkward six-footer, Hobbs, the  
class poet.  
Now of the class officers he is the last,  
But you'll hear of the rest as they go past.

There was Leo Johnson, a very fine man,  
And "Griffy," who makes all the noise he  
can;  
Ralston and Norvelle from Blue Grass  
State,  
Two very fine fellows and quite up-to-date.

Then C. G. Cooke, who grew so tall,  
And Carroll, who works at the Dining Hall;  
Mr. L. H. Jones, who knows how to farm,  
And Jarboe, whom no one can ever alarm.

Miss Topp, who sings so sweetly and low,  
And Harley J. Moore, who forgot to grow;  
Mr. Osborne, a perfect Geometry fiend,  
And Koch, who on the bell-rope leaned.

Miss Maude Whybrew, a pretty young lass,  
And Greirson, the queerest of all the class.  
Then last, but not least, there was "Bishop,  
Old Boy,"  
Whom all of the Juniors hail with joy.

Here I was a wakened by some foolish fear,  
And to my surprise, found dawn very near.  
"Oh, my!" I gasped, "how queer things  
seem,"  
For I did not yet realize my dream.

And while I yet was yawning and staring,  
A voice spoke low within my hearing,  
And said, though I saw no one in sight,  
"The things are true you have dreamed this  
night."





## Academy Sophomores

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Motto: "Climb, though the way be rugged."

Colors: Pale Green and Pink.

### OFFICERS.

President—Dwight Ebert.

Vice-President—Vera Boyd.

Secretary—Helen Raymond.

Treasurer—Joyce Spalding.

Historian—Charles Jennings.

Poet—Harold Brittain.

## Sophomore Academy Poem

When we come to the end of the school year,  
 With its thoughts of bygone days,  
 And we think of dear old Taylor,  
 With its shining Christian ways;  
 O may we always remember,  
 As the months and years roll by,  
 What we resolved as we journeyed,  
 With our banner waving high.

Many classes have gone before us,  
 And honors they have won;  
 So we, too, are climbing upward,  
 With our motto, "Keeping on."  
 We may be but beginners,  
 We have many evils to fight;  
 But with God, who is our Leader,  
 We'll march to truth and right.

We have many faithful teachers,  
 And many lessons they give,  
 They try to help us in knowledge,  
 And teach us how to live.  
 Let us always take the message,  
 So that as we march along,  
 We may conquer in life's struggle,  
 And sing the victor's song.

Our class has a future before it,  
 For we all have a will to do good;  
 The seed that was scattered at Taylor,  
 Will bear fruit as it should.  
 Some will preach the gospel,  
 Some will work at a trade,  
 But we'll all remember Taylor,  
 Where our firm foundation was laid.

As a class we all are willing,  
 To do what comes each day,  
 And help others, too, to conquer,  
 While we're on life's stormy way.  
 As the time draws near and nearer,  
 When we shall all be seen,  
 With our graduating colors,  
 With its banner of "Seventeen."

We'll never forget old Taylor,  
 With its days of hope and cheer,  
 And our dear Dean and Professors,  
 Who are always with us here.  
 With our hearts in thanks o'er-flowing,  
 We promise to dare and do,  
 And we'll think with joy of our school days,  
 Back at old T. U.

HAROLD BRITTAİN.

## Academy Sophomores

Name.	State.	Characteristics	Aim.	Destiny.
Dwight Ebert	Ohio	Picking teeth	Moonlight photo.	Undertaking
Vera Boyd	Ohio	Giggling	Knighthood	Pedagogy
Helen Raymond	Penn.	Smiling	Prima Donna	Virginia
Joyce Spalding	N. Dakota	Obedience	Scholarship	Heaven
Harold Brittain	Penn.	Loquacity	Poetry	Oak Chapel
Jonas Fuller	Indiana	Fussing	Browning	Faculty Call
Percy Olsen	Minn.	Humility	Cleverness	A Girl
Ruth Ridout	N. J.	Shyness	Dom. Science	Haus Frau
Roy Schwartz	N. Dakota	Farming	Preaching	Circuit Rider
Mont Oliver	Indiana	Sportsman	Hunter	Africa
Georgia Durkee	N. Dakota	Complexion	Temperance Ref.	Campbellite
Russell Davis	N. J.	Hershey's	More Hershey's	Thinness
Von Hanson	N. Dak.	Cow Puncher	Wealth	Ranching
Ivel Guiler	Indiana	Goodness	Satire	Deaconess
Clifford Bliss	Indiana	Bell Ringing	Algebra Shark	Upperland
N. E. Smeth	Indiana	Absence	Prudent	Fairmount
Lottie Ogletree	Indiana	Pessimism	Argument	Parsonage
Jerome Snyder	Indiana			
Newton Wray	Indiana	Silence	Science	Cabinet Office
Ethel Hodson	Indiana	Shrewdness	College	Diploma
Lee Jones	Indiana	Meekness	Missions	Housekeeping
Otilio Claudio	Porto Rico	Studiosness	Honesty	Interpreter
Lawrence Pontius	Indiana	Stubbornness	Exactness	Bishop
Charles Jennings	Indiana	Mistakes	? ? ? ? ?	Doubtful



## Academy Sophomore Class

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Wells Bishop  
Vera Boyd  
Glen Bullis  
Harold Brittain  
Clarence G. Cook  
J. R. Davis  
Georgia Durkee  
Dwight Ebert  
Adeline Fletcher  
Jonas G. Fuller  
Ivel Guiler  
Charles Jennings

LeRoy H. Jones  
L. R. Norvelle  
Lottie Ogletree  
Mont Oliver  
Otilio Claudio  
Peter Pennanen  
Clarence Pontius  
Helen Raymond  
Ruth Ridout  
Roy Schwartz  
Joyce Spalding  
Newton Wray

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## Academy Freshman Class

Opal Brandenburg  
Burt Campbell  
Mona T. Chea  
Alpha Dyson  
Ernest W. Davis  
Eva Fay Fort  
Chas. H. Frazier  
James H. Garrison  
Miriam Giles  
Clarence G. Grace  
Thersia Hunter  
Alice Hanson  
Von Hanson  
Henry M. Jenkins  
Jeppe Jensen  
G. A. P. Jewell  
Kyrie Klepfer  
Paul J. McCrimmon  
John B. McLellan

Roy W. Michel  
Ethel Morton  
Glen Nelson  
Percy Olson  
Effie Pickhardt  
Merritt Plotts  
Lawrence Porter  
S. G. Rassmussen  
George B. Ridout  
Stanley R. Salter  
Chas. Shaw  
Noah E. Smith  
Alfred Thompson  
Ernest Treber  
Harry E. Ward  
Nellie Waymire  
Lester White  
Harold A. Young.



## Academy Freshmen

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Motto: "Work wins everything."

Colors: Yellow and White.

### OFFICERS.

President—Effie Pickhardt.

Vice-President—James Garrison.

Secretary—Thersia Hunter.

Treasurer—Jeppe Jensen.



## History of Freshman Academy Class

In the fall of 1914, when school opened at Taylor University, her halls were crowded with students from far and near. Among them were students who, for the first time, were entering a school higher than the common or eighth grade school. Of course, one could easily see that they never had been away to school before.

We are aware of the fact that we do not know much, and some folks may call us "Freshie" and "Green," but that does not affect us, for when anything is green, it has a chance to grow.

We are very proud of our class, because we have members from many parts of the world. Our good brother Chea, from the dark continent of Africa, whom the Lord has called to carry the gospel to his people; Davis and Jewell, from England, are making their way through school, and obtaining an education so they can help to carry on God's work in this world; Salter, from Canada, a very brilliant young fellow, whom the class honors; Miss Dyson, from North Dakota, who has a love for poetry, and writes poetry containing real life; Shaw, the great orator, who won the W. C. T. U. contest last fall; Rasmussen, from Iowa, the fairest State of all the West, who becomes discouraged with Algebra; White, the plumber from Pennsylvania, now a preacher; Bennett, from Indiana, our quiet friend who knows more than he tells; Mr. Grace, our musician, who is winning his way to fame as a pianist; Plotts, from Ohio, who never misses a lesson; McLellan, from Massachusetts, who likes English, and also the English teacher; and many others that space will not permit me to mention. It can be said that this is the most prospective and progressive Freshman class that has ever entered Taylor University in all her history.

ROY W. MICHEL.

## Freshmen Academy Poem

### THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

The Seniors said it was unrefined,  
The Juniors said that to their mind  
'Twas the greenest one they ever knew,  
Altho at Taylor they'd known quite a few,  
The Sophomores, too, with sarcastic looks,  
Declared it unlearned in manners and books.  
Now what in the world do you suppose,  
Is this creature with so many foes,  
Who treat it cold whenever they pass?  
It's the Freshman class!

The members all are loyal and true,  
Some study hard and some only stew,  
When the bell rings out for English I  
'Tis then they expect they'll have some fun;  
But the fun oft turns into trembling and  
fright,  
When Professor calls out, "Come here and  
recite."  
The wretched walks out to his place in the  
front.  
And all through his pockets begins to hunt,  
For its hard on the nerves of each laddie  
and lass,  
In the Freshman class.

In Biology I, they all take delight  
And study their lessons with all their  
might  
And learn about "Villians," the young  
alligator,

The mosquito and the fly, and which is the  
greater.  
The Latin nouns they find hard to decline,  
And often they're missed in the Algebra  
sign.  
But the Seniors laugh at their ups and  
downs,  
The Juniors smile when they meet on the  
grounds,  
And the Sophomores, too, look high when  
they pass,  
The Freshman class.

With faith in their God, they'll keep plod-  
ding on,  
'Till out from these halls they all will have  
gone,  
To work for the Master, in their native  
land,  
Or far o'er the sea on a foreign strand.  
They'll brave the dark hours of the Tempt-  
er's test,  
And at last be called home to eternal rest;  
United again 'round the Throne above,  
They'll see the smile of the God they love,  
For work well done, there'll be none that  
surpass,  
The Freshman class.

MISS DYSON.





Dear old days at T. U.



"Up Beyond the village border."



A. C. Hoover training the University Quartette.



Contrary to fact.



Teaching (?) in June.



Thanksgiving, 1914.



Where is the fireman?



# The Mission of Holiness Colleges

Prof. Newton Wray.

That holiness colleges have a mission may not seem clear to those who conceive an education to consist merely in intellectual training. Too long has this idea held sway, with the result that young men and women have left college ignorant of the highest possibilities of life, and with little appreciation of the claims of God upon them. Any theory that ignores the spiritual nature of man is unsound in reason and dangerous in application. It is opposed alike to psychology and Scripture. Culture and grace were never intended to be separated in man's training.

As generally understood, the business of a college is to fit those who pursue its course of study to attain success in the different callings of life. This means not simply the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge, but chiefly the awakening and development of the power to think, so that the mind can take the initiative and overcome obstacles to success.

Now a holiness college must do that, or it assumes a title to which it has no right. To be a college implies that the institution so designated offers curricula of that grade and has a competent faculty. But a holiness college stands for much more than these things. As the qualifying term indicates, it aims to promote the doctrine and experience of holiness. It seeks to co-ordinate culture and piety; to make the spiritual keep pace with the intellectual by emphasizing the possibilities of grace, by clear and unequivocal teaching concerning the duty and privilege of believers to obtain the Pentecostal cleansing and filling of the Holy Spirit.

This peculiarity differentiates the holiness college from institutions which, though Christian in the sense of being under church control and following Christian usages, do not stress the spiritual side of college work or endeavor to lead their students into the experience of full salvation.

A great deal is involved in the possession of this peculiarity, since it carries with it, in their highest degree of excellence, all the elements of a Christian education. Let the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ characterize a college, and the knowledge there acquired becomes sanctified to the noblest use; mind and heart become yoked for the service of God and men; and the work of the institution tends to promote whatever Christianity signified. As the queen bee is followed by the swarm, so the grace of sanctification is accompanied by every quality that enhances the beauty and usefulness of the body of Christ. Colleges where this grace prevails are the best educators.

The mission of holiness colleges, then, is, we may say—

1. To combine with adequate courses of study the inculcation of the Bible doctrine of sanctification, and to send out young men and women who are acquainted not only with secular things but also with the deep things of God. By such a system the secular is ennobled and made the occasion for displaying the power and glory of God. Thus knowledge is harnessed in the interests of His Kingdom and life is turned to the greatest account for the good of mankind. Thus appears zeal according to knowledge and knowledge set aflame with love. What so much does the world need as men and women thus endowed?

2. To conserve the orthodoxy of churches and to promote their efficiency. This they do by "holding fast the form of sound words, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus;" by keeping the door shut against a destructive criticism that reduces the word of God to human suppositions; by teaching a whole Bible and magnifying the authority of its inspired writers, and, finally, by faith in the omnipotent grace of the Holy Spirit. Holiness colleges give the Holy Spirit, who is "the Conservator of orthodoxy," the right of way. He works mightily in their midst, confirming the word of which He is the Author, and preparing pastors, evangelists, missionaries, and lay helpers, to stand for "the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints," and to create new zeal for the cause of Christ.

There are institutions to which young men go with a fervent faith, but from which they depart in unbelief, their conscience defiled and their faith wrecked by the spirit of rationalism prevailing there. Holiness colleges get young men established in grace and send them out "full of power by the Spirit of the Lord," to strengthen the faith of churches and to intensify their spiritual life and activity. Surely such colleges deserve well of the church, and should be encouraged in their good work.

3. To hasten the evangelization of the world. World-wide evangelism originated at Pentecost. The missionary impulse becomes a sustained enthusiasm, with the coming of the Holy Spirit to purify the heart and kindle a consuming love for souls. The spirit of holiness is the spirit of missions, and wherever cherished will beget a deep and abiding interest in this cause and summon to the field the choicest sons and daughters of the Church. This is true of the college where the writer has the honor to teach, and it cannot be exceptional there. It is characteristic of holiness colleges having for their watchword, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." They exist to further the object for which Jesus Christ founded His Church—the spread of scriptural holiness over the lands.



# The Student Volunteer Band

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President—Robert Morris.

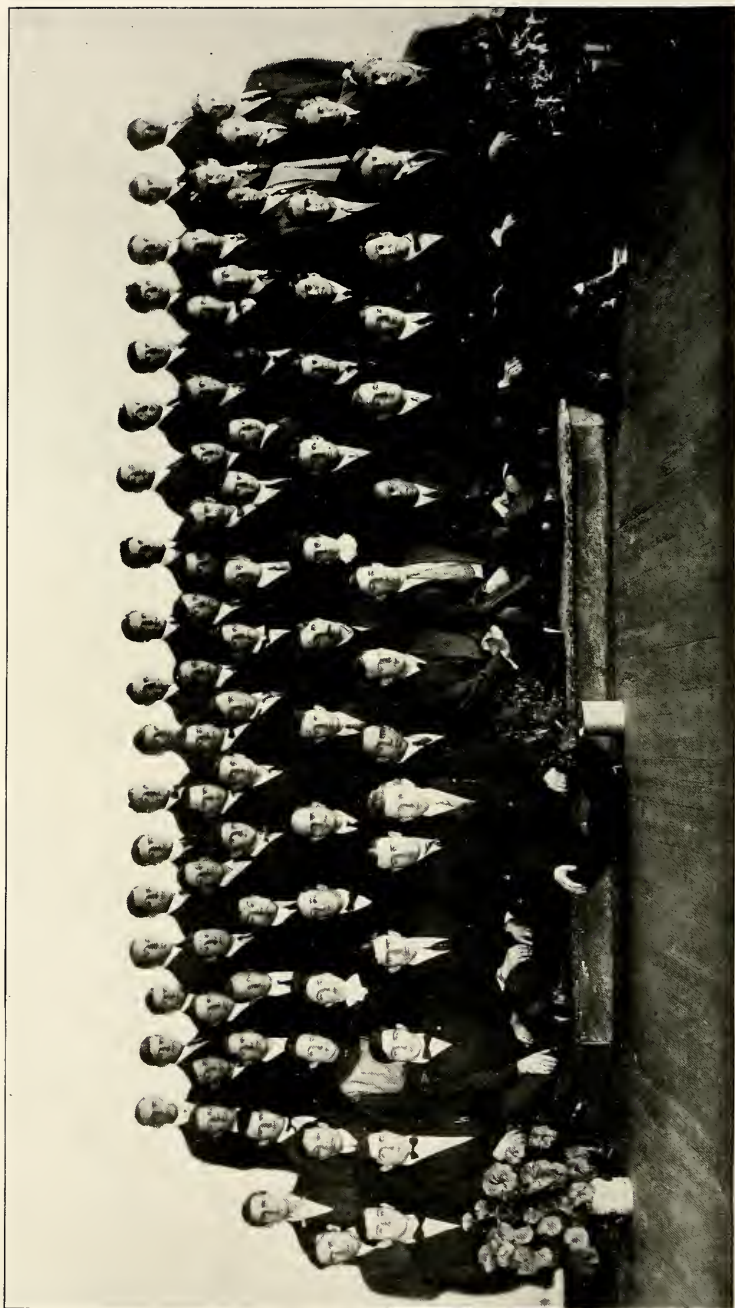
Secretary—Alice McClellan.

Treasurer—Clinton Bushey.

The Student Volunteer Band of Taylor University is an organization for which we are indeed grateful. Its devotional meetings are a source of inspiration and uplift to those who have been called of God to tell the story of His love to a people who have never heard the message of salvation.

In the meetings of the Band we discuss the needs of the different fields and study the lives of missionaries and their methods of working for the Master. It is not the purpose of the Volunteer Band to imitate these missionaries but we strive through the study of their work to acquire a knowledge of the needs of the mission field; and through the reflection of Christ in their lives seek to be drawn nearer to the first great Missionary, Jesus Christ, and to take Him as our Example and our Leader in the work He has called us to do. The Band studies not only the joys and successes of the missionaries but also their trials and difficulties, which teach us that the life in the mission field is one of heroic struggle and can be lived victoriously only through the ever-abiding presence of the Holy Spirit.

The Band is represented in many of the mission fields. Misses McClellan and Sauer are anticipating going to the field this year. Almost every year new recruits leave our ranks for foreign lands. The letters received from these missionaries are read in the devotional meetings and give us inspiration and determination to labor in the field to which God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to call us.



Ministerial Association

# Ministerial Association

The Ministerial Association of Taylor University is one of Taylor's many valuable organizations, and is of particular importance to all students who are preparing to engage in special Christian work as their life's calling. It is strictly a student organization. Its officers, a president, a secretary and a program committee of three members, are chosen by the ministerial students from their own number. The organization enjoys the hearty support and cooperation of the Theological faculty of the University. All students who are preparing to do special Christian work are considered members of the association. The organization has no membership dues. The association is three years old but no apologies need be made for its existence. Wisdom is justified of her children, and organizations by their works. For the kind of work that the Ministerial Association is doing, there is an imperative need among ministerial students. At its weekly meetings, practical problems of the pastor, of the evangelist and of the Christian worker in general, are made the subjects for lectures by the various professors of our able Theological faculty and for discussions by the entire association. This organization is an important factor in the training of Taylor's Ministerial students.

The present officers are:

President—Ward W. Long.

Secretary—Leo Johnson.

Program Committee—Robert Tressler, J. L. Williams and Roy Brown.



The Faith Band

President Leo. A. Johnson.

Secretary—Miss Ivel Guiler.

Motto, Heb. 11-1. "Now Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

The object of the faith band is to aid in raising the debt of our School. Each student connected with the faith band makes it the subject of faith and prayer to raise one hundred dollars during the year toward the debt fund. The Band meets every Friday at 7 p. m. for prayer and conference.







Young Men's Holiness League



# Young Men's Holiness League

President—Purcell Parker.

Vice President—E. W. Davis. Secretary—O. C. Brown.

Treasurer—James Knight.

The Young Men's Holiness League is an international movement founded at Camp Sychar, 1902: Our League is a local branch.

This organization is one of the many in Taylor University whose aim is the deepening and developing of Christian character by leading its members into the experience of Full Salvation.

The time of meeting is 6 o'clock, every Friday evening during the school year. The league is a source of blessing to both young men and young women. Ladies are admitted as auxiliary members.

Our President, Dr. Vayhinger, takes a warm interest in the League, thus helping to increase its usefulness in Taylor. We realize as we look forward into the future that there is a war to wage with sin, but we remember that the battle is the Lord's.

The battle, Lord, is Thine not ours,  
We must, and do depend on Thee;  
So shall we fight and win Thy cause,  
Nay, more than conquerors we shall be.

## SPARKS FROM THE PLATFORM.

### PROFESSOR WRAY.

Unless you are willing to be barren with Him, you cannot receive His enrichments.

The measure of success in your future life will be the service you render to the Kingdom of God, and not the pay you receive for it.

As the lightning strikes the mountain and the plain receives the showers, so the lightning smote His sacred breast and we receive the showers.

God cares for the heartbeats of His children; our smallest troubles are of concern to Him.

Abidance implies first the attitude of the will, and second a state of the heart. The first is our business and the second God's business.

We must maintain the attitude of will and faith and self-surrender, as when we first were saved.

Some day we will wish to give 10,000,000 worlds for peace of conscience, but Jesus will give it now.

There is nothing like peace of conscience to enable a man to concentrate his faculties.

### PROFESSOR SHAW.

You can't take anyone else but Jesus Christ for your standard.

There is absolutely no safety for the human soul along the road of Christian liberty except to be more and more filled with the Spirit.

Christian liberty with Paul is the entire sanctifying of the soul. Everything is good that is sanctified by prayer and thanksgiving. It does not come except by a man yielding himself up to the Holy Ghost. This liberty is located in the will; whenever we put ourselves into God's will and put our spirit in His then He will give us peace and liberty.

### PROFESSOR RIDOUT.

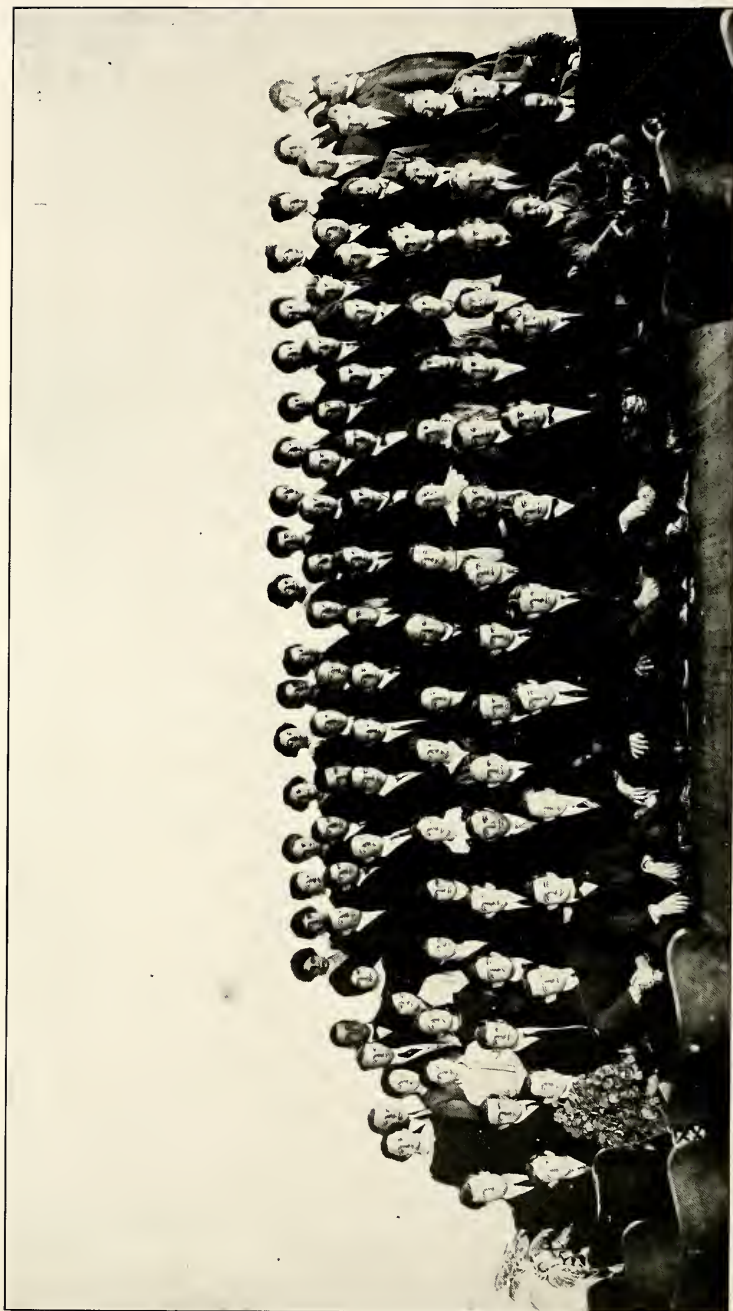
To many Religion is a matter of negatives only. They talk and report on the things they do not believe or know. They seem to pride themselves upon their unbelief, just as if skepticism and unbelief were a sign of intellectual superiority. A great poet said to a doubter once: "Don't tell me your doubts, I have enough of them myself." The world needs men who believe, men who do not live and think eternally in negatives. The trouble with so many of our institutions of learning is that the atmosphere is so chilled with doubt and negatives in religion and spiritual matters. That was a wise remark of a New York preacher when he spoke of some men who "thought in crystals and had a cold bath for every like fervor." There is too much by far of this business of cooling off everything like fervor and fire and spiritual enthusiasm.

The things of the spirit will bear upon them the unmistakable marks of verification to everyone who persistently seeks after them.

"Any principle which secures the safety of the individual without personal effort or the vital exercise of faculty is disastrous to moral character."—Drummond.

There are many who want their religion brought to them in concentrated form to save them the trouble of struggle and effort and agonizing and sweating.

Although sad yet 'tis true that too many religions is a matter of creeping into the "convolutions of a syllogism. Do you believe you are a sinner? Yes. Do you believe Christ died to save you? Yes. Do you believe he saves you now? Yes! Then get up, you are saved!" Miserable business! I thank God I did not get religion that way—that my conversion and sanctification did not get to me through any syllogistic process. I had to mourn and weep and agonize and pray through and thank God when I did come through it was in power and in the Holy Ghost.



Prayer Band

# Prayer Band

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The Prayer Band is a source of great good in our midst. The meetings are held every Wednesday evening from six to seven. The members of the band meet to pour out their hearts to God in prayer and praise; sometimes to cheer each other by a word of testimony but more often to intercede at the throne of grace for the needs of our school, for the salvation of the unsaved among us, and for the evangelization of the world for which Jesus died.

Thank God, our prayers have not fallen back dead. Believing that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" we have pressed our claims and have not been denied. Souls have been saved, believers sanctified, weary ones cheered, hungry souls satisfied, and fainting hearts strengthened and refreshed at the Prayer Band meetings.

Very often requests for prayer come to the Band from some former student or friend of the school who is engaged in revival meetings away from here. And when the students in school go out for a week end meeting or to their regular charges they leave with the Prayer Band the injunction, "Pray for me." So we remember these various requests when we meet together and God has wonderfully answered our prayers.

Many a weary student has found the relief and rest that his soul longed for, when after a day of hard work, discouraging problems, and vexing questions, he has come apart for awhile and sought God in the quiet of a Prayer Band meeting.

While Taylor stands may the Prayer Band continue to be a power for good until every soul within the walls of our school shall know indeed the joy and rest of the "sweet hour of prayer."

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## The Lost Vision

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What the earnest soul feels today is that the world and the church have lost the vision. Many can say with the Prophet of old, "We wait for light and behold obscurity." With the countries at war and long established principles of international law trampled under ruthless feet, and one group of nations eager to devour the other, we cannot help feeling that the vision is lost and that the spirit of this world has blinded the eyes and men are fighting in the dark.

It is scarcely less so with the church. More than blindness has come upon the church. Sects and isms clamor for attention. Men professing to be followers of Christ hurl anathemas at each other. A faint glimmer of the departing glory remains like the tail of a passing comet. It is as Zechariah says, "Neither dark nor light." It is "dim religious light" not clear shining, not altogether dark. Is the sun setting to leave the world in the grip of some long, cold cheerless night? Are we sinking into barbarism? It has been so before. The Golden Age of Solomonic glory passed into the Assyrian and Babylonian night. The Apostolic day of religious splendor, after sending light to the farthest shore of Barbaric darkness, faded into the almost midnight of Papal apostasy; and again the state of reformation broke out, but they are setting and leaving the church to "grope as for a wall." The Lutheran and the Wesleyan reformations have spent their force, and we are left "to grapple with the old system and the Word." We are in a world crisis. Old systems are crumbling. Views of the world and God, religion, art, politics, economics and science,—in every realm,—are undergoing a change. The world is being dissolved. It is being consumed by its own lust and greed. It is an hour of dissolution, an hour of crumbling and decay. Men are whistling in the dark to keep up their courage. The world is brave because it is blind. Kings are hopeful because they are deluded and see not the yawning abyss. They are carried forward by the momentum of their own sinking. They are intoxicated with the sensation of their fall.

Standing as we certainly do in this dim light of transition, in the trailing shadows of a passing age, we ask, and we ask earnestly: is it to be another long dismal night with no vision to cheer the soul or is the morning coming? That long looked for day, the day that never ends in night, the day whose sun shall know no setting and whose face shall not be obscured by the passing cloud,—is it at hand? Men of all ages have dreamed of such a day. Is it only a dream, the fancy of an overwrought brain, the too rapid vibration of a nerve, or the mere figment of the religiously excited brain? We have Isaiah's vision of the new age, Plato's Republic, Augustine's City of God, More's Utopia and many other visions of the brighter day to come. Is some great vision to break soon upon our own bewildered souls, our dazzled brains, our crushed hearts to cheer our longing spirits? Many are waiting for the consolation of Israel. A new light must come to guide us, a new revelation, a new rift in the cloud to let us see again the glory of the never failing God of Revelation, another voice speaking from the cloud. This seems to be Satan's hour, the triumph of the power of darkness. Many souls are crying out, "Watchman what of the night?" And

Zephaniah answers, "And I will bring distress upon men, that they shall walk like blind men, because they have sinned against the Lord; and their blood shall be poured out as dust; and their flesh as the dung."

And again we cry, what of the night? And Zechariah answers, "But it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night, but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."

A great cloud has risen—a cloud of fierce hate, of malice, misunderstanding, of bloodshed and hellish death. It has cast its deep soul-harrowing shadows over every land. Millions weep—millions die—millions groan and millions wait in heart-anguish for the news of the morrow; but forget it not, oh, trembling soul, the cloud is sinking, hate is consumed by its own heat, greed is choked by greed, and sin is in death grapple with sin; and in the startling words of a Poet during the terrible Massacres of Turkey, "Hell is burning through in Turkey."

But the light of a new day is gilding the sinking cloud. Christ will destroy Satan with the brightness of his coming. "The night is far spent the day is at hand." One morning we beheld the beauty of a glowing sunrise. A great black cloud was slowly sinking in the eastern horizon. The top of the sinking blackness was touched with a golden light, reminding us that the sun was rising to shed its cheering beams over the gloomy landscape. If the vision tarry wait for it." We must not flee from the cloud, but wait for the light. The now fading vision will give place to the incoming glory. The material Jerusalem will give place to the Jerusalem which is from above. No truth is passing from the earth. Nothing worth while sinks with the cloud. It is only vapor that is passing before the glowing light of the rising sun. The sun of righteousness is rising with healing in his wings. Are you ready? Is your face towards the East? Look up weary pilgrim, your redemption draweth nigh. The morning cometh. The rainbow of hope will be formed from the falling tears and a new and more divine note will sing itself into human hearts, when the night has passed away. May the Holy Spirit quicken our hearts that we may be the children of light, ready for the new and brighter vision that will surely come when the shadows flee away.

PROF. SHAW.

#### STUDENT PASTORS AND THEIR CHARGES.

Ward W. Long—Pastor of George St. Baptist Church, Marion. Held this charge for six years.

Clarence E. Olson—College Hill. One year, 1914-'15.

Miss Myrtle Crider—Pastor of Friends Church, Sycamore.

H. C. Schlarb—Mill Grove United Brethren Church, 1914-'15.

Arlie E. Cortner—Jefferson, Indiana, and Fairview, Ohio, Christian Churches.

B. D. Nysewander—Pastor of Sugar Grove M. E. Church.

H. A. Kirk—Whitely M. E. Church, Muncie, Ind., 1913-'15.

J. W. Knight—Friends Church, Amboy, Ind.

Geo. A. P. Jewell—Maples M. P. Church.

N. E. Smith—Wesleyan Methodist Church, Sheridan, Ind.

B. R. Pogue—Summitville Ct. M. E. Church, 1912-'15.

Roy Schwartz—United Brethren, Upland, Ind.

C. C. Fruth—United Brethren, Upland, Ind.

J. L. Williams—Reform Church, Landisville, Ind.

Roy W. Knight—Roll and Asbury M. E. Churches, Hartford City Ct. 1914-'15.

N. A. Christensen—Home Corner M. E., Marion, Ind., 1913-'15.





**School of Expression**  
Florence E. Cobb, A. B., Professor



Expression Department

## Expression Department

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Every art is an art of Expression. The painter expresses himself in shades and tints. The sculptor expresses himself in curves and angles, and the musician in tones. The word "Expression" covers every possible revelation of the human being. It is the uncovering of the soul. Vocal expression, when it is true, is the nearest to nature of all the arts, because it is the most unconscious and spontaneous of any of the actions of man; the most direct manifestation of thought and feeling.

The Expression Department of Taylor University is one of the leading departments of study of the school. Its aim is to train mind, and voice, and body, that the student may truly express himself. Since every defect and abnormality has its cause in the mind, effort is made to restore the mind to its normal condition by securing an awakening of its faculties and powers, and a deeper impression and a more vital realization of the truth. Exercises are given for securing purity and clearness of tone, and for developing the body in grace and poise. By these methods, faults are corrected and mannerisms eliminated. Public and private recitals are given during the year, in which the student has opportunity to appear before the public.

Young men and women who hope to help forward reforms, or to lead in the cause of righteousness in the world, will find the ability to express themselves with clearness and force a valuable asset to their training. The students of this department are organized each year into a Curry Expression Club.



## Mozart=Schubert Recital

Taylor University, Saturday, January 30, 1915

## PART ONE.

Minuet from "Don Juan".....	Gilbert Ayres, Wendall Ayres
Sonata No. 7 (First Movement) .....	Lana Michel
Romanza in Ab .....	Marguerite Bugher
Sonata No. 6 .....	Leah Miles
Fantasia in C. Minor .....	Glenn Grace

## PART TWO.

Biographical Sketch—SCHUBERT.....	E. A. Gowen
Military March .....	Ruth Howell, Belen Bustamante
Scherzo in Bb .....	Carrie Ballinger
Song—a. My Sweet Repose.....	
b. "Hark! Hark! the Lark" .....	Ida Stephens
Movement Musical Op. 94, No. 2 .....	Vera Boyd
Flute Solo—a. Serenade .....	
b. Cradle .....	Armando Bustamante
Impromptu, Op. 142, No. 2 .....	Helen Raymond

## The Programs of the Music and Expression Departments

Annual Christmas Recital, Taylor University, 1914

## Invocation

Christmas Hymn—Glory to God in the Highest.....	S. Medley
B. R. Pogue	
a. Berceuse .....	Greig
b. Norwegian Bridal Procession	
Helen Raymond	
Holy Night .....	Adam
Phebe Busick	
“Cartwheels” .....	Elliott
George Leber	
La Scintilla Mazurka, Op. 20 .....	Gottscalk
Florence Bunnell	
The Virgin’s Lullaby, from “The Coming of the King”.....	Buck
Emily Strong	
At Bethlehem .....	Rand
B. Dancy	
a. Polish Dance .....	Scharwenka
b. Nocturne, Op. 27 No. 2.....	Chopin
Leah Miles	
Jesus! Name of Wondrous Love, from the “Holy Infant”.....	Bullard
Robert Morris	
A Christmas Legend .....	Anon
Ida Stephens	
a. Scherzo from Faschingschuank aus Wien, Op. 26, No. 3.....	Schumann
b. Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6.....	Liszt
Mary Oseline Hancock	
The Greatest Gift .....	Keon
Lulu Ruppert	
Quintet—Silent Night .....	Ashford
Mrs. Busick, Misses Stephens and Topp.	
Messrs. Morris and Abbey.	



## Recital—Expression and Voice

Bendemeer's Stream .....	Gatty
Sleep Little Baby of Mine .....	Dennee
Christian Forgiveness .....	Anon
a. Rose in the Bud .....	Forster
b. I'm Wearing Awa' .....	Foote
Beyond the Dawn .....	Sanderson
A Critical Situation .....	Mark Twain
Blow, Blow; Thou Winter Wind .....	Sargent
The Jester's Sword .....	Anna Fellows Johnson
Spring's Awakening .....	Sanderson

## Recital by Pupils of Expression and Voice, April 12

O Hear My Cry .....	Wooler
Reading—"The End of the Task" .....	Davis
Creole Lover's Song .....	Buck
Story—"The Dog on the Roof" .....	Townsend
Faith in Spring .....	Schubert
Extract from Sommerbell's Nature of Christ .....	Handel
Honor and Arms, from "Sampson" .....	Kipling
a. Tommy Atkins .....	Kipling
b. Mandalay .....	Chamindae
Madrigal .....	Ethel Hodson
Reading—"The Boy Martyr" .....	

## Recital—Vocal and Expression Departments, May 12

The Gypsy Maid .....	Donizetti
Reading—"Lucky Jim" .....	J. L. Long
O Divine Redeemer .....	Gounod
Virginius .....	Anon
"Waft Her, Angels Thro the Skies" from "Jeptha" .....	Handel
Awfully Lovely Philosophy .....	Anon
The Swallows .....	Cowen

How the Church Was Built at Kehō's Bar	W. A. Burch	
The Bandelero .....	Purcell Parker	Stewart
The Encyclopeedy Man .....	B. R. Pogue	E. Fields
Welcome Pretty Primrose .....	Ladies' Chorus	Piusuti

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### Artists Recital, February 5

Dorothea Nussbaum, assisted by Edith B. Olmstead, Vocalist. Prof. E. A. Gowen, accompanist, Friday, February 5, 1915

Toccato and Fugue .....	Bach-Taussig
Song—"The Day is Done" .....	Balfe
Rhapsodie .....	Brahms
Etude .....	Chopin
Ballade g minor .....	Chopin
Song—"My Redeemer and My Lord" .....	Buck
Gavotte and Musette .....	d'Albert
Humoresque .....	Juon
Danse des Elfes .....	Sapellnikoff
Etude f minor .....	Liszt

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### Graduating Recital

Dora Regester, School of Expression, Taylor University, assisted by Lana Michel, Pianist  
Shreiner Auditorium, June 7, 1915

What Every Woman Knows  
The Girl Who Had No Charms  
"My Constituents"

"All I Can Do is to Help in the Little Things"  
"I See the Tragedy of a Man Who Has Found Himself Out"





Professor E. A. Gowen .....	Piano
Professor Sadie Louise Miller .....	Piano
Professor Edith O. Olmsted .....	Voice
Miss Edna Zimmer .....	Violin



Instrumental Department



# Piano Department

E. A. GOWEN

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A large and enthusiastic body of students have been registered in this department, some of whom are also studying Harmony and History of Music.

In addition to classical compositions contributed for the annual Christmas recital, a fine program was presented on January 30th, in commemoration of Mozart's and Schubert's birthday anniversaries. Other events to follow include an illustrated lecture on "The Development of the Piano From Earliest Times," a recital by Senior pupils and one or more by the Juniors. Advanced students will furnish numbers for the various functions of Commencement Week. Miss Leah Miles will appear in a Graduation Recital of select piano compositions. Miss Lana Michel is to graduate in the Musical-Literary Course.

A new course is being introduced, to be known as the Public School Music and Supervisor's Course. This is a very important course for all who intend to teach in the public schools or supervise the teaching of music.

Not the least of the musical attractions is a large orchestra made up of students and teachers from the different departments of the University.

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## The Power and Influence of Music

Edwin A. Gowen

Music is such a common every day affair with us that we fail to realize its full power or the range of its influence. The love of music, whether one ever studies it or not, is a sign of emotional endowment; and listening to it, with real appreciation, arouses and develops the emotional nature in its highest aspects, entering into sympathetic touch with every phase of human existence. It does not appeal to all alike. Some prefer sad and melancholy airs, while others are best suited with music of a light and gay character; yet it has, within its great storehouse, something to offer all, accommodating itself to the mood of each listener.

In all ages and among all nations, music has ever been a source of study and wonder. The ancients believed it to be of Divine origin and attributed to it marvelous power. The Law-makers of antiquity, recognizing the fact that music had a salutary influence over the people for prosperity and good morals, incorporated it into their educational scheme.

The effects of music upon the physical constitution of men have been extraordinary, while its influence on the moral and intellectual faculties has been marvelous. Among the Greek fables we read that Apollo (inventor of the Lyre) soothed the vigilant Argus to sleep by his playing. Orpheus, by the bewitching tones of his voice, tamed wild beasts. Amphion, by means of his songs, erected the walls of Thebes. Terpander restored a rebellious people to their allegiance through his melodies; while Tyrtacus aroused a whole army to action by the sound of his flute. Plato, Aristotle and other Grecian philosophers claimed that certain tones were capable of arousing malice and insolence; and that their opposites had power to calm base passions and bring noble ones into play. Nero, that bloodthirsty monarch, was compelled to lay aside his fierce and cruel nature while contending for the musical prize in Greece.

Military music has, among all nations, ever been relied upon to inspire courage and prevent disorder among troops. It is a well known fact that soldiers on the march will cover more miles with music than without it, and do it with less fatigue. The magnetic power accelerates the circulation of the blood and effects the human frame more powerfully than the most eloquent appeals of human speech. The observance of national and state holidays, with their carnivals and parades, would prove tame affairs indeed, were the inspiration and display which music affords to be omitted from the program.

Most animals and insects are keenly sensitive to the sounds of certain musical instruments. Even the steam whistle and the clang of bells will usually set dogs and wolves howling, as if in distress. Many curious and interesting sights have been witnessed of both wild and domestic animals under the magic spell of music. But its effect upon human beings is more wonderful than anything witnessed among the lower species. The spirits of evil and good seem to be subject alike to its command. From the time that David calmed the tormented spirit of King Saul by playing upon the harp, to the present day, music has proven a panacea for many of the ills that beset mankind. It can soothe and minister comfort, or it can arouse the deepest passions; but dissociated from words, it never suggests evil of any kind. All classes of humanity are

susceptible to its influence, some more than others. Hard-working men and women, as well as children, are inclined to whistle or sing at their toil. It seems to lighten their tasks and make them more contented with their lot. George Eliot was correct in saying that "Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music." And Carlyle cries out, "Give, Oh give me the man who sings at his work." Music is the great unifier. It brings men, women and children together and holds sway over their minds. In times of panic and disaster how often it has come to the rescue, controlling people, preventing rash acts and saving human life.

We cannot exclude emotion from our natures; it is the mainspring of action, and while it may cause sin and misery, it is the cause of all goodness as well; therefore, we are not to smother or seek to kill emotion, but to wisely regulate it. Our Puritan fathers tried, with iron rules, to fetter the natural sentiments of men, but the experiment failed. Music became the natural outlet and proved itself to be, indeed, the trainer of the emotions.

It would be a sad mistake for us to ignore the social value of music, for none of the other Arts can compare with it in its power to draw people together in pure and refining intercourse. First of all, there is the social character of the Art itself. For its proper enjoyment and appreciation, it demands the co-operation of a certain number of people. The richest, most highly developed form of music, that of the Orchestral Symphony, requires a large number of performers. Then there is Grand Opera, and the great Oratorios, in which hundreds of people participate. Then again, music demands hearers—an audience which is another social factor in the case. One person can sit alone and read a poem with the most thorough appreciation and delight; or he may stand enraptured before a fine painting, but the true spirit of music seems to breathe only when it can steal from listening soul to soul, awakening in all a kindred emotion.

A second quality which contributes to its social value is its universality. Other arts appeal to a more or less limited circle of admirers, while music appeals to all. This "Vox Celeste" which speaks with the same sweetness and significance to all hearts, alone can call together people whose conflicting tastes would otherwise keep them forever apart.

Still another, and a unique quality of music, is its prevailing joyousness. People like it to be happy; it is a healthful and natural desire of the soul, and they love that which expresses and encourages this inborn feeling. Society craves and needs what is joyful and optimistic; and it finds in music that which responds to its utmost feelings.

Music is something of an appetizer. It banquets in hotel dining rooms and restaurants, it is furnished for the enjoyment of guests, who linger longer at the table and masticate their food better.

Music exerts a powerful influence in public schools. School officials of today are looking about for teachers who not only sing, but are able to conduct their classes in vocal music. The best article I have ever read concerning the beneficial influence of music in the public schools was from the fertile brain of Albert E. Winship, editor of "The Journal of Education." He said: "That which singing may accomplish for the child, is, in every way as important to him, and to the world, as that which is to be accomplished by Arithmetic, Language or Drawing."

There is more discipline for success and enjoyment, more discipline for character, in learning to sing, than in learning almost any other branch. It is needful for patriotism, for mortality, for health. It is needed to make discipline lighter, school attendance more regular, school management easier, study more interesting, and recitation more spirited. What the wings are to the bird, what the blossom is to the plant, what the juice is to the fruit, singing is to the school."

Right in line with these statements is the dictum of Phillips Brooks, the great-hearted lover of childhood, who said: "A school-song in the heart of a child will do as much for his character as a fact in his memory, or a principle in his intellect."

Music may, and ought to be, an unlimited blessing to the home, for it is there that its humanizing power has full sway. The child's tendency to idealize may be gratified and its imagination be cultivated at home better than in any other place, because of the freedom and sympathetic interest which members of a household feel for each other.

The therapeutic influence of music is well worth considering, for it has been successfully applied to the treatment and relief of disease. Some may be ready to ask: "What possible connection can there be between music and medicine?" They are kindred subjects, however. While there is not much music in medicine, there is a good deal of medicine in music. It has been an aid at least in effecting the cure of insane people. Cases are on record of would-be suicides who were dissuaded from their purpose through its power. A great scientist has testified that he was once kept from thoughts of suicide by suddenly hearing Rubinstein's Melody in F. The time is coming, perhaps, when padded rooms will not be required for lunatics, or jails for would-be suicides; instead, we may dose them with beautiful music.

Music has well been called "The hand-maid of religion." It serves as a magnet to attract people to the services of the church. There is no schism, no heresy, no denominationalism in music. The church may question the source of

its doctrines, but it takes its music from all sources. It has this unifying power beyond creed, or preaching, and expresses the profoundest experiences of the human heart—sentiments which nothing else can express. Very many who have witnessed the appeals of earnest sermons, have been won over to the truth through the glorious mission of sacred song. No one can fully estimate the power and influence of music as an auxiliary to church and Sunday school work. As a means of arousing and maintaining interest, especially among the younger people, it has no equal, and so, in addition to organs and pianos, the enlivening strains of the orchestra are heard. In the days of Martin Luther the drawing force of music, in which all could participate, was well understood; and so he, with his stately chorals, sang the Reformation into the hearts of all Germany. Supplementary to this, bells and chimes were, for the first time, placed in the towers of churches and school buildings to gladden the hearts of entire communities. Music has been called a “luxury,” but do we not see that it is a vital necessity?

“Music can noble hints impart,  
Engender fury, kindle love;  
With unexpected eloquence can move  
And manage all the man with secret art.”

—Addison.

## School of Vocal Music

We are all proud of our strong department of Vocal Music, which, under the supervision of Prof. Edith D. Olmsted, plays a very important part in the development of our students.

In a psychological sense, it may safely be affirmed, that as a means of cultivating keenness and accuracy of sight and hearing, arousing right feelings, and concentrating the attention, few other branches of study are superior to Vocal Music. This is one reason why we lay such emphasis upon it.

In addition to the regular lessons in voice culture, this department gives a chorus production every term, which is very profitable to those taking part. At Christmas time a chorus of thirty-five voices rendered, “From Manger to Cross,” and at Easter, the fourth rendition of “From Olivet to Calvary” was given.

Our vocal department has produced some sweet gospel singers, among whom we mention Melvin J. Hill, Miss Evangeline Burlett, Miss Lois Allen, Mr. Ernest Ryder, C. Raymond Illick, and Mrs. Phoebe Busick, who is now head of the Music Department of the Upland public schools. This year between fifty and sixty students have been enrolled for private lessons.







Vocal Department



## The Choral Society

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One of the most important musical organizations of our school is the school chorus. It is composed of the best vocalists of Taylor and renders invaluable service to the University and the community by furnishing the special music for the Christmas, Easter and Commencement programs. Three or four excellent, standard cantatas are given by the organization each year, each of which entails weeks of faithful practice.

Among the cantatas which have been rendered to the delight and edification of the public are the following: "Ruth, the Moabitess," "The Holy City," and "From Olivet to Calvary."

The last named composition has been repeatedly given on Good Fridays and has never failed to produce a profound impression upon the audience.

The success of this work is largely due to the patient work of Prof. Edith Olmsted, head of the vocal department. Her wise direction of the musical resources at her command has made the chorus a permanent and indispensable institution in Taylor.

Two persons who have contributed materially to the success of the chorus work are Miss Iris Abbey and Miss Ruth Wray, pianists.

Prof. Miller has been a faithful attendant at the chorus rehearsals and has given of her time and efforts to make the Chorus all that it might be.

Prof. Edwin A. Gowen, head of the Piano Department of our school, has, during the year of his work in our midst, given much of his time to the chorus and through the co-operation of the music faculty, has helped to bring this organization to a high state of efficiency. Though no credit is given for the work which the students do in chorus work, the benefits received in the way of voice training and the conducting of chorus work is invaluable to all who may have occasion to use such knowledge.

Our school is fortunate in having such an able music faculty and the students who are fortunate enough to be accepted as members of the chorus are more than repaid for their hours of practice.

# Commercial Department

Minnie O. Walls, Professor.



The Commercial Department of Taylor University was established in 1893. Since that time it has grown rapidly and is today well organized and able to give a comprehensive course in Commercial Work.

The great advancement of the commercial world today has led to the organization of all business enterprises, both religious and secular, causing all business to be transacted by modern commercial methods. This creates a demand that all young men and women have some knowledge of business and business methods. It is to meet these demands that the commercial work is planned. The students are taught the general principles of a business education. They acquire a knowledge of the world's work and are prepared to take an active part in the special vocation to which they are called.

Special attention is paid to the practical part of a business training and all unnecessary details are omitted. One excellent feature of this department is the individual assistance that each student receives, giving him excellent opportunities to gain a thorough knowledge of the work he is taking. The latest approved methods and best text-books are used, making the course equal to the required work of the State.

The Commercial Department aims to prepare students for an intelligent, honest and effectual place in the World's progress, that as Christian men and women they may control the leading enterprises of the day by the Great Law of Justice.

## Taylor's Domestic Art Class

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In the fall of 1914, Taylor University installed a Sewing Department under the efficient management of Prof. Irene Dill. A class of thirteen took advantage of this opportunity and the busy hum of sewing machines in room I, tells the story of diligence and industry going on in that department.

This new departure is a marked addition to Taylor's curriculum and shows that she intends to keep abreast with the times along with other schools. We hope that a complete Domestic Art Department may soon be a feature of the school.









Athletic Association

## The Athletic Association

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Conceived by an athletic spirit, and born of a group of enthusiastic students, the Athletic Association of Taylor University came into existence in the fall of 1913.

The Association is a splendid organization, having as its members nearly all the students of the college and several members of the faculty.

The object of the Association is to promote good, clean and elevating athletics. We do not take part in intercollegiate games of any kind, nor do we have foot-ball or boxing, but we heartily endorse such games as tennis, base-ball and basket-ball among our own students, between the different classes and between the various organizations of the school.

We realize that the primary object of school life is intellectual development, but we believe that only with the development of the physical can intellectual growth and power reach its zenith. With this thought in mind, the association strives to systematize the athletic activities of the student body in such a way as to afford the best opportunities for physical development.

With this object in view, the association has provided three new tennis courts, so that we now have five in all; it has made a base-ball diamond, and has secured base-ball goods; it has equipped the gymnasium with mats and rings, and with new basket balls and basket-ball goods.

Since we have no intercollegiate games, we have no college team to monopolize the time and the athletic goods. All students have the same opportunity for practicing and thus a greater number are benefited.

Besides the games mentioned, we have, during each spring term, one day devoted to general field sports such as hammer throwing, shot putting, jumping, foot racing, etc. The students, of course, practice these sports during the year and thus find recreation as well as exercise.

Taking everything into consideration, the association is very popular, and it is doing a much needed work in our institution.

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### Tennis

Tennis is easily the most popular sport in T. U. Friends of the game may be found among the lowliest pre-academic students, as well as the most dignified members of the faculty.

In the tennis season, enthusiasts of the game may be found on the courts at all hours—some are wont to rise as early as 4:30 A. M. to engage in a game with some "sweet lassie," while at another time some "love struck" lad and lassie become so enthused that they unconsciously hover around the courts till evening twilight fades into night and they cautiously steal home to say good-night, under cover of friendly darkness.

However, much improvement has been rendered along this line by the ominous and portentous eye of the Dean, while at the same time many improvements were made on the tennis facilities in the fall term by tennis manager, Wm. Stuart. It is also understood that many improvements are being planned for the spring season.

All the enthusiasts are looking forward with joyful anticipation to the opening of the spring season and it is already reported that some of the fellows are planning to make a brilliant "coup d'etat" of the Championship in June.

Respectfully,

"ONE OF 'EM."



**PHILO BASKET BALL GIRLS.**

Lois Vayhinger.  
Helen Raymond. Sybilla Steelman. Ida Stephens. Edna Bennet, Georgia Durkee.



**THALO BASKET BALL GIRLS.**

Alice Eskes.  
Myrtle Leaman. Lulu Rupert. Belle Guy. Helen Smith. Reka Topp.





#### THALO BASKET BALL TEAM.

McClish, Hanson, Hanson, Brubaker,  
Culver, Morris, Stuart.

This is, without question, the swiftest quintet of youthful tossers of the inflated sphere yet. The verdict of all who have seen them is, "They are fast." They play hard, consistent, clean, brilliant ball every minute of the time. For a year or so the society has been somewhat handicapped for lack of a tall man who was fast enough to play the center position against the long man on the opposing squad. This year, however, Mr. Culver, or "Percy" does the jumping stunt most admirably. He, the proud papa of one of the most youthful Thalos on the campus, is playing a clever game of B. B.

Now when you want a good, clean, scrappy player in the guard position, "Nels" Hanson is right there every minute of the time and few and far between are the points caged from him.

The real surprise of the year is McClish, or "Mac" for short. He is a wonder. Not because he is so much better than the rest, but because he developed so rapidly. When a man gets a point from him, he earns it. He has the making of a clever basket-ball player.

Willie Stuart is in a class by himself, when it comes to playing the forward position. The guard who plays him has no time whatever to sleep or watch the girls in the gallery. Willie shoots for shots and makes those which other men are afraid of. He's got the stuff all right.

The captain, Bobby Morris, of this fast bunch, fills in the other forward position. He tries to keep out of the way of the other players and to make a point when the opportunity presents itself.

The two subs on the team, Von Hanson and Brubaker, are also good men. Hanson, although coming in late, has proved himself an efficient man, holding his men down at the guard position to a very few points. Brubaker has not participated in any of the Society contests.

The Thalos are looking forward to taking the championship this year.



#### PHILO BASKET BALL TEAM.

Snider, Ellinghouse, Giggy, Browning, Perry, Stafford. Pogue,

#### THALO BASE BALL TEAM.

This aggregation is composed of some of the huskiest athletic youngsters in the school. They play fast, snappy ball all the time, making the Philo bunch work for every circuit they make of the sacks. They can pull down the high ones in the gardens and scoop up the hot ones on the in-field, and when it comes to smiting the pill, they really know how. On the bases they run like wild-fire and find their way to the home-plate like a swallow to her nest. They positively have class when it comes to playing America's most popular game. Yet withal, they are gentlemen and take defeat like heroes. The coming year promises to be a champion for the wearers of the yellow and pink. Watch 'em.

"Bobby" Morris (Cap.) Pitcher.—A good loser.

"Jack" McClellan, (1st base)—(From "Bosting.")

Ralston (Short Stop)—The Kentucky Bush-leagner.

Harold Brittain (2nd base)—The hitless wonder.

"Doc" Druschel (3rd base)—Of oratorical fame.

Jenkins (Catcher)—Small but mighty.

Nels. Hanson (L. Field)—The well.

Von Hanson (C. Field)—The human airship.

Willie Stuart—The "Beginner."

Rob't. Williams—"Utility Man."



PHILO BASE BALL TEAM.

Browning, Griffith, McIntosh, Stafford, Hobbs, Pogue, Jarboe, Giggy, Carrol, Perry.

Since Caesar crossed the Rubicon and Napoleon conquered the world, the success of the Philo Baseball team has been a settled fact. From the time "Spide" Ryder twirled the pill with his mighty arm, the Philos have had easy picking. When "Spide" graduated, he left the team hopeless of ever keeping up their average, but at the psychological moment, Browning, our faithful twirler, came bringing the experience and enthusiasm of all West Virginia. Though we miss "Spide," Evans, Hunter and other of our old men, yet with the present lineup and the two strong batteries, Browning and Perry, Hobbs and MacIntosh, victory is assured us and we are confident of carrying off the honors of the Society Baseball.

#### Our Line-up.

Capt.. R. Browning, P.—Boss; Brainy, Brawny and Brisk.  
 D. Hobbs, P.—High, Honest, Happy and Handsome.  
 M. Perry, C.—Promising, Pretty, Persevering and Proud.  
 M. G. MacIntosh, C., 3rd B.—Merry, Meek, Mannerly, Mighty.  
 A. Jarboe, S. S.—Judicious, Jolly, Just and Jealous.  
 A. Carroll, 1st B.—Clever, Cheerful, Calm and Cordial.  
 Stafford, 2nd B.—Sure, Sober, Strong and Steady.  
 E. Giggy, C. F.—Greedy, Grand, Gifted and Graduate.  
 B. R. Pogue, L. F.—Picturesque, Persistent, Peaceful and Pert.  
 L. Griffith, R. F.—Gritty, Gratifying, Garrulous and Grim.

—VERE WALFORD ABBEY.



## Our Mother at Taylor

We, the students of Taylor, coming from all parts of the world, enjoy what the poet has called "The Home Life at Taylor." The spirit of our Alma Mater is warmly expressed in the following lines taken from the above named poem:

"The students from countries far over the sea,  
The black and the white in friendship agree;  
For all are God's children, as such they may be,  
In the home life at Taylor."

The question has been asked, "What is home without mother?" The present issue of the Gem would hardly be complete without a word in appreciation of our Mother at Taylor.

Mrs. Amy Giles, of Carbondale, Pennsylvania, is the one who occupies such a unique position in this school. She never appears on the platform to address us, but we think she is as important as the professors. The professors may satisfy our mental requirements, but it is just as essential that our physical needs be supplied.

While we are dreaming about many perplexing themes, Mother works faithfully in the kitchen. Dainty dishes, prepared on time, are delightful after the drudgery of the class room. Among other good things with which we are treated is the well known dish, BEANS. These are always delicious, though they appear regularly. There must be an art in cooking beans, for we always have the heart to eat them.

Mother is not only a splendid cook, a good manager, but amicable, economic and so entertaining if you wish to join the Kitchen Club. Mother's kindness and sympathy for the sick ones, her appreciation of the willing worker, diligence in her work, punctuality and stability of character, appeal to all sincere hearts. Although many things happen in every kitchen which would provoke the best of women, we can say of Mother, she is good.

Mrs. Giles has been at Taylor nearly six years, which speaks well for her faithfulness. Many during that time have passed through these halls of learning, and are now playing their part in the world. We are sure they will be glad to see Mother's face appear in the Gem, which will recall many delightful happenings of the past.

One of the greatest privileges in school life is to meet the many noble characters who help to make us better men and women as we prepare for our future. So we, who are still in school, and those who are now the Alumni, join heartily in sincere appreciation of our Alma Mater Mother.

J. L. WILLIAMS.



Arbor Day, 1914.



The Foreigners.



It is never too cold to sing.



And it is never too hot to play tennis.



The pleasantest game in the land.

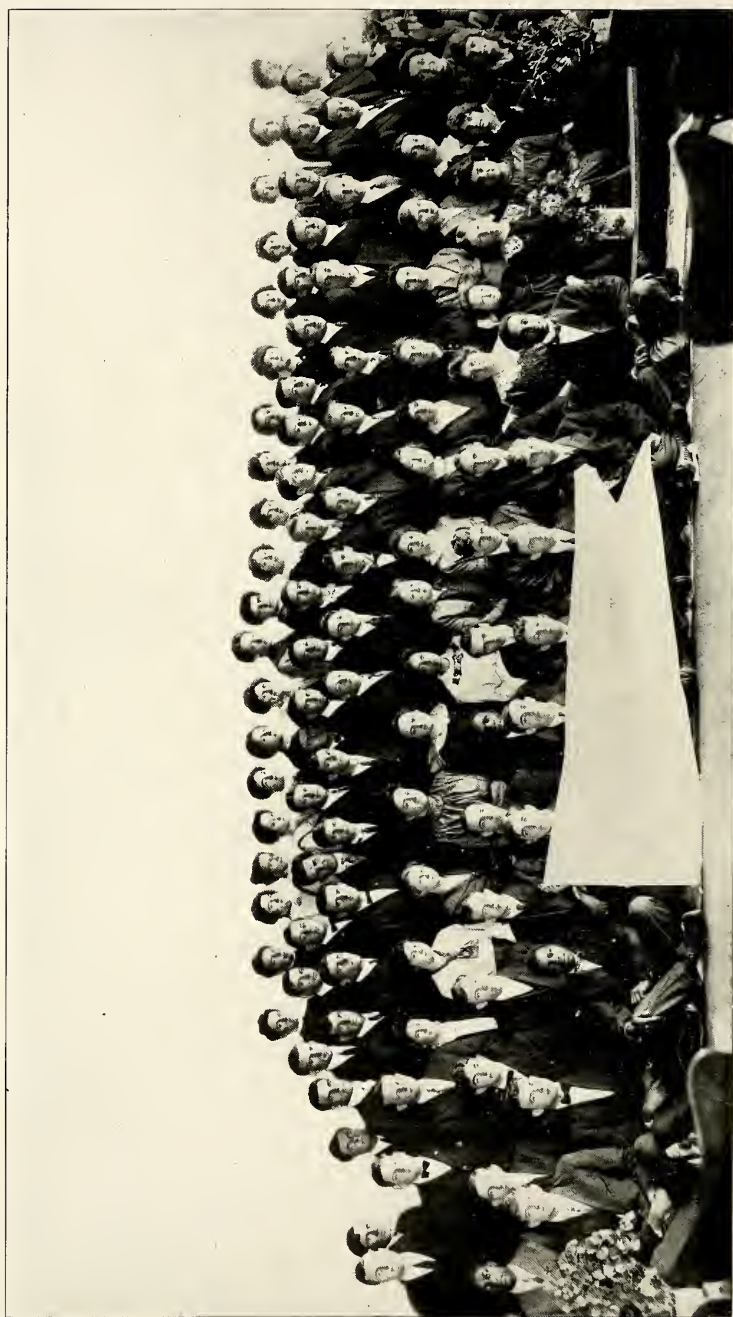


How we'll miss those old familiar scenes.



# Organizations





The Philaethean Literary Society

## The Philaethan Society

Though students may come and students may go, the Philaethan Society will go on as long as Taylor exists. Our society will continue to hold its place because it has filled and is filling a need.

In the thirty-seven years of her history, the Philo Society has had about 1,500 different members, whom she has directly influenced. Besides these, she has indirectly influenced at least a thousand other persons through the programs rendered week after week and through the inter-society contests.

The effects of our Society have been and are now actually felt around the world. Throughout the United States, from ocean to ocean, and from the gulf to Canada, there are true men and women who have been developed in some degree by the training they received as members of the Philo Society when they were students in Taylor.

In China, India, Africa, and in the islands of the sea, there have been, and there are today, heralds of the Cross who are loyal Philaethans.

Our colors, blue and white, symbolize the loyalty and the purity which has characterized the motives of our Society through her history, and our motto, "Lovers of Truth," has been the guiding principle of our individual and collective endeavors.

"Mighty oaks from little acorns grow." Mighty deeds and noble lives spring from apparently insignificant and invisible forces, thoughts and desires. The emphasizing of a worthy motto and the earnest endeavor of even a few persons to possess the treasure embodied in it, creates in others like desires and motives, which may eventually materialize in noble action and heroic sacrifice. Thus it is that the Philaethan Society, with its outward symbols which point to invisible, but mighty and eternal principles, has been and shall continue to be a factor in the redemption of mankind through the lives of our members who come into possession of the real virtues for which our colors and our motto stand.

### THE WHITE AND THE BLUE

"What do the Heavens signify?"

I asked a prophet good and wise;

"What mean the white clouds floating by,

And azure depths like maiden's eyes?"

Is there not food for poet's thought,

May he not find some symbol true

When clouds are all in whiteness wrought

And spangled in between with blue?

The learned sage looked up and said:

"The riddle is not hard to read:

Not in maturity

But in our youth;

White is for purity,

Blue is for truth."

I strolled along the ocean's strand,

And gazed upon the watery waste,

Where, driven by some unseen hand,

The dancing waves each other chased.

The sea was calm, and blue, and fine;

The white gulls hung athwart the sky;

And on the dim horizon line,

The snowy sails went floating by.

Again upon my mind were pressed

The sage's words in fancy dressed:

"Not in maturity,

But in our youth;

White is for purity,

Blue is for truth."

I walked amid the surging throng,

Across the mead, among the trees;

I heard the bursts of patriot song,

And fluttering in the morning breeze,

A starry banner waved on high,

The emblem of my native land,

'Twas lovely as the midnight sky,

That o'er our heads is twinkling spanned.

The echoes rang from cliff and hill,

It was the prophet's oracle:

"Not in maturity,

But in our youth;

White is for purity,

Blue is for truth."

A band of youths and maidens true,

Flung to the breeze a pennon bright;

Its background was an azure hue,

With lettering of purest white;

These letters long I tried to trace,

As in the air they gaily soared

And when each one was in its place,

PHILAETHEAN was the word—

And from glad lips the message rang,

It was the prophet's words they sang:

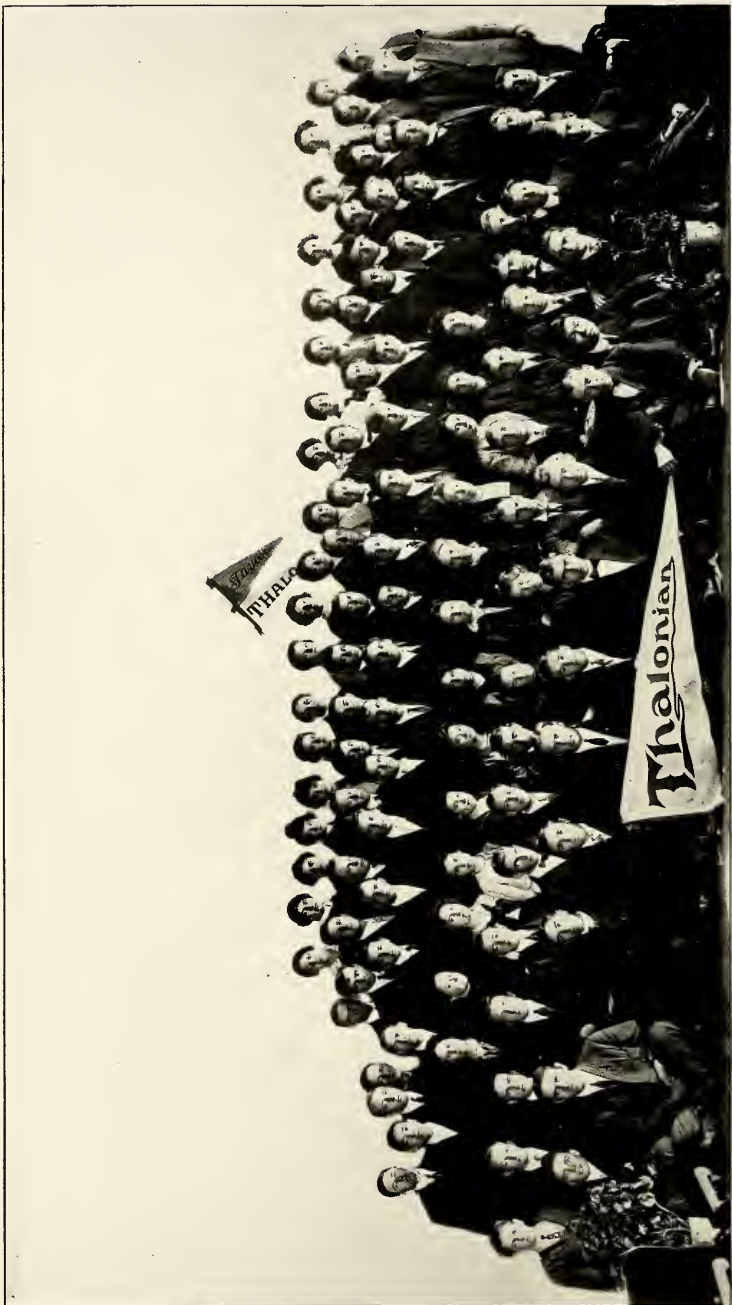
"Not in maturity,

But in our youth;

White is for purity,

Blue is for truth."





Thalonian Literary Society



## Thalonian Literary Society

In looking back over the past few years of Thalonian history, there forces itself upon our memory a crowd of events, most prominent among which seem to be the Inter-Society Contests and Debates. In these the society has made a record upon which it can look with satisfaction.

There was B. W. Lewis, the Thalonian orator of 1913, who, in the midst of cheer and applause, added glory to the society. There was Jacob Bos, who, though unsuccessful when he represented the Society, yet by his "Question of the Ages," silenced his competitors in a Parr contest. There was Phebe Busick, Lois Allen, and Eva Burlett, who, with "voices of angels," captured honors for the Thalonians. Then comes C. P. Culver, the man with that perpetual "fit," the great Thalonian reader. He was seen with a certificate of honor in 1913. Ruth Wray's fine musical touch, and Leah Miles' charming playing also added to the Thalonian crown of success.

In the four Inter-Society Debates since 1911, the Thalonian representatives carried away three of the prizes. Frank Wimer and R. I. Stone, J. L. Ralston and William Burgess, N. A. Christensen and F. C. Phillips,—these the society remembers well as having come out victorious from their forensic battles. Harry Griffith and R. G. Robson were not so successful in the Spring of 1914, yet they "fought a good fight," and Robson had the opportunity of returning the compliment to the opponents in the Fall.

The Interstate Contests of Intercollegiate Prohibition Leagues of 1914, held at Albion, witnessed the presence of the Purple and Gold of Taylor University; but the Thalonian Literary Society saw its Pink and Gold in Albion! The man, who had his first vision of the world in Denmark, was the representative of Indiana at Albion, Michigan. The Thalonians can be justly proud of Christensen.

Future historians of the organization will find to their joy much material for their pages among the present loyal Thalonians. The potential energy of the present will be transformed into mighty power for future Thalonian activities. Robert Morris, the well known Thalonian tenor; Robert Williams, our gifted violinist; N. E. Hanson with his "sober smiling face," William Stuart, the basket ball comet; Della Brook, with the gifts of loyalty and poetry; Lulu Rupert and Belle Guy, with their talents in expression; Marguerite Bugher, a gifted pianist, and many others, will some happy day bring honor to the Society.

The past activities and achievements of the Thalonians are but stepping stones to future success. The training in the society has taught men to know themselves, and it will teach others to be leaders by knowing themselves. "Know thyself, then, indeed, shalt thou know the Truth."

—TAN PIEW LEE.

### THALO POEM.

Of organizations in Taylor

We assure you there are not a few,

But those who are always contesting,

You will find there are only two.

These are the literary,

The Philo and Thalo, you know.

The first thing you hear of in Taylor,

The last thing before you go.

We do not desire to be boasting,

Though good work the Thalos have done,

Since eighteen hundred and fifty

We have many a victory won.

The news we give is not musty

Though we edit "The Thalo Review."

Just put to the test a Thalo,

It's surprising what he can do.

We're known the wide world over,

In Professions of every kind.

There is many a golden thought

Can be traced to a Thalo's mind.

We not only develop the social

But the spiritual life as well.

Some in the past to heathen

Have gone of the Christ to tell.

I'm sure you would like to meet us

And see what we've done this year,

Some names inscribed with honor,

We expect to see appear.

The reception we gave in the fall,

They say, was quite a success.

I am sure there is not a Thalo

Desires anything less.

The stunts we have played on the gym

floor,

Especially with the basket-ball,

Have made it hard for the Philos,

We had them against the wall.

There's a feature of special interest

In our society, which is new,

In the form of a Thalo orchestra,

Installed by George Snider, too.

When the state of Indiana

Came to look for a man

To represent in Kansas

It's prohibition plan,

We, from out our numbers,

As Thalos always can,

Called forth our J. D. Druschell,

And said: "You are the man."

We've a splendid class of Seniors

Though they number only nine,

We look with pride upon them,

In caps and gowns they're fine.

There's a brilliant one among them,

Almost everyone has said,

He far outshines the other,

You see, his hair is red.

Christy will reach the top yet,

You'll some day find his name

Inscribed in golden letters

Among orators of fame.

But "Phil" is our debater,

He will almost make one shout.

The time when he contested

The Philos were sure knocked out.

Miss Talbott will go to Africa

Where the Christless heathen live

And turn her heart and willing hand

Some needed help to give.

For his people who lie in darkness

Hiraide, our Japanese friend,

Is planning to build a college.

With him our prayers will blend.

Now here is Clarence Olson,

Who's very tall and slim;  
 Though he's neither old nor crippled,  
 Two women have captured him.  
 But as for bashful Burch,  
 I'll wager a brick of gold,  
 It's useless, girls, to hope;  
 He'll never his heart unfold.  
 To spend her life in India,  
 Is the plan of Annabel Guy;  
 But as for Lena Chalfant,  
 A teacher's life she'll try.  
 The last is Johnny Illick  
 Who sings a merry song.  
 Adieu, our dear old Seniors;  
 May your life be rich and long.  
 I've been sorter thinkin'

You'd like our associates;  
 The things which they've been doing,  
 Gray matter sure creates.  
 There are many other Thalos,  
 Who surely are worthy of note.  
 But we'd keep you up till early,  
 If about each one we wrote.  
 Just keep your eyes wide open,  
 You'll hear from others soon  
 For some are looking forward  
 To graduate next June.  
 When a Thalo leaves us  
 He need not sound a knell,  
 The work he does is splendid;  
 It speaketh for him well.

BABBLE.



#### SOANGETAHA DEBATING CLUB

From the Northland with its pine trees,  
 From the South with sunny breezes;  
 From the kingdoms of the west wind,  
 And the gentle east wind, Wabun;  
 From their lodges many miles off,  
 From their wigwams far and distant,  
 Come the brave, strong-hearted maidens,  
 Come the maids, Soangetaha.  
 Many moons have maidens gathered,  
 In these stately halls of learning;  
 Many moons have maidens listened  
 To the teaching of our wise men.  
 Many moons, too, have they listened  
 To the young men brave and gallant.  
 They have heard these braves discoursing  
 On the pros and cons of subjects;  
 Subjects lofty and inspiring,  
 Subjects grand and full of meaning.  
 And the braves said, softly smiling,  
 When they saw the maidens listening,  
 "They are but the feeble women,

And they cannot understand us.  
 They have minds like silly children,  
 And our logic is beyond them."  
 Then arose these "feeble women,"  
 Then arose the maids with strong hearts,  
 Said among themselves undaunted,  
 Said with hearts that did not falter,  
 "Let us teach these pale face warriors,  
 Let us show these men of wisdom,  
 That we are not puny women,  
 That we are not weak and helpless."  
 So they formed a club among them  
 Formed the club, Soangetaha.  
 Chose their colors, blue and golden,  
 Wrote their constitution plainly,  
 Wrote it firmly, nothing daunted.  
 And they chose their cheering motto,  
 Chose their motto, "the strong hearted."  
 Thus they formed their club among them,  
 The debating club of promise.

D. M. R.

#### CLUB SONG.

Soft in the twilight, stealing through the gathering gloom,  
 Come Indian maidens, heart to heart in tune.  
 Come with faces smiling in the camp fire's ruddy light,  
 And with voices tender, sing this song tonight.

#### CHORUS

Ta ha, Soangetaha, 'neath our colors gold and blue,  
 Ta, ha, Soangetaha, to our club we're true.  
 Strong-hearted maidens, join our band and dare to do;  
 Teach pale face warriors just a thing or two.  
 With our hearts undaunted, we will fight our battles thru  
 And in every conflict, sing our song anew.



### THE EULOGONIAN DEBATING CLUB.

The Eulogonian Debating Club has not always waved the banner of victory, nor has it always succumbed to opposing forces. It is an organization of a larger and more common class, having had defeats as well as triumphs. And as such, while ever striving to serve the world by developing in its members, the arts of debate and oratory; by promoting the invaluable aids to the same,—that of general research; and by acquiring a working knowledge of parliamentary law, it has passed through all the vicissitudes and fortuities incident to the life of such a club. It has known the disappointments of youth, and undergone the disadvantages of weakness; it has borne the exactions of critics, reaped the fruits of error, suffered the pains of defeat, felt the languor of struggle; but withal, it has endured the hardships of progress, reached the goal of attainment, rejoiced in the joys of victory, and worn the crown of success. Encouraged by its discontinuous victories, and using its defeats and its errors, its hardships and its pains as stepping-stones to a nobler existence, it has passed on in its progress from one eminence to a still higher until now, still cherishing its motives, still maintaining its spirit, still pursuing its object, it lives in the golden age of its history.

To all this, that we have done, bear witness. Out of a total of seventeen inter-club debates, all on up-to-date questions, the Eulogonian Debating Club has won ten. Out of the first six they won one; out of the next six, five; and out of the remaining five, the last four by decision of the judges of ten to two; and still the prospect is bright. Besides, a large part of the Society debaters have been successful Eulogonians. Moreover, in addition to what is ordinarily found in a debating club, the Eulogonians have, in the recent past, established a system of intra-club debates, the winners of which, as well as of the inter-club debates, receive certificates of award. Also the club has provided for the compilation and preservation of its history, and has begun a distinctly Eulogonian cumulative library for the benefit of its members.

These are the facts and they speak so loudly that one can hear nothing of failure, nothing of decline. Thus, the club, recognizing the increasing need of progress, and imbued with a spirit of advancement, promises to transcend the excellence of the present by moving on to more glorious heights, ever benefiting its members and the world through them.

F. C. PHILLIPS.





EUREKA DEBATING CLUB.

All together: Eureka—Eureka—E-u-r-e-k-a.

A spirit of loyalty has ever dominated the doings of the Eureka Debating Club, but we find that this loyalty has increased in a noticeable measure in the last year or so. Even though we have not been able to win inter-club debates as in the days when we had Ryder, Kenna and Wimer, we are not forgetting to fight on.

Although we have not been able to cope with the records of the past in a public way, we have been doing things within the organization. In the spring of '14, Hettlesater, Yeater, Abbey and A. C. Lee led a reform movement, by which the doings of the Society were entirely changed. A new constitution was adopted. The membership was limited to thirty-six and a fining system was introduced. The latter provision has been closely observed, and has proved a great help to the club in improving the attendance.

The Key Note, voiced in the opening session of the fall term of 1914, was "Progress for every member, and not alone for those who may stand highest in class attainments. Every man to be reached and helped." To this end we have lately inaugurated the Triangular Debate as a special feature of the Club work. The club elects three teams, two of which will debate upon the selected question. The winners of this debate will then be required to take the losing side of the question and defend it against the third team. A full evening is to be given to each debate. We feel that this new system of debating will not only stimulate the spirit of friendly rivalry within the club, but also enable us to better judge the powers of our debaters. Too often an unbalanced question gives an advantage which is unfair and the Triangular Debate eliminates this feature of the work.

We're here to stay.

First, last and always, E-u-r-e-k-a.





## Philalethean Notes

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In this age of materialism when a commercial value is placed upon an education, any course of study or line of training which has for its aim mental and cultural development only, may seem unprofitable. However, any fair minded man of this twentieth century need not only to visit the business meeting of the Philalethean Literary Society to be convinced that there is a practical as well as a theoretical side to the training obtained. Let us peep in a few moments.

The roll has been called and the minutes of the previous meeting read and approved. President Giggy has called for new business. O. H. Bloomster, a dignified senior, in cap and gown, makes a motion that the Philo Literary Society petition the faculty that the "five minute" rule concerning social privileges be abolished. R. W. Knight seconds the motion in no uncertain tone. However, it suddenly occurs to Mr. Ellinghouse that the question is not clear and when remarks are called for, he rises for information. Mr. President, does this mean that we shall have no time to say farewell?" Mr. Bloomster hurries to explain that he forgot to state that he desired that the time be lengthened to ten minutes. The motion is restated and Mr. Ellinghouse, now well satisfied, seconds the motion with much emphasis. When remarks are again called for A. C. Lee rises and with a few eloquent introductory statements in favor of the motion as stated, goes on to say that this question is entirely out of the realm of society matters, that is, literary society matters, therefore, it is entirely out of order to discuss it further. Victor Peavy makes an amendment to the effect that the word fifteen be substituted in the original motion in place of the word ten. M. L. Raymond seconds the amendment with great vehemence. James Knight suggests that in case the faculty should grant the petition, it will be necessary to brace the posts and the radiators in the halls. B. R. Oppen, with scathing sarcasm, denounces the whole scheme as unworthy of the consideration of the Philo Literary Society. The debate waxes warm. Robert Tressler pours oil on the troubled waters by making a motion that the question be laid on the table. This motion is carried.

The ten o'clock bell rings. A motion to adjourn is quickly put through.

## International Prohibition Association

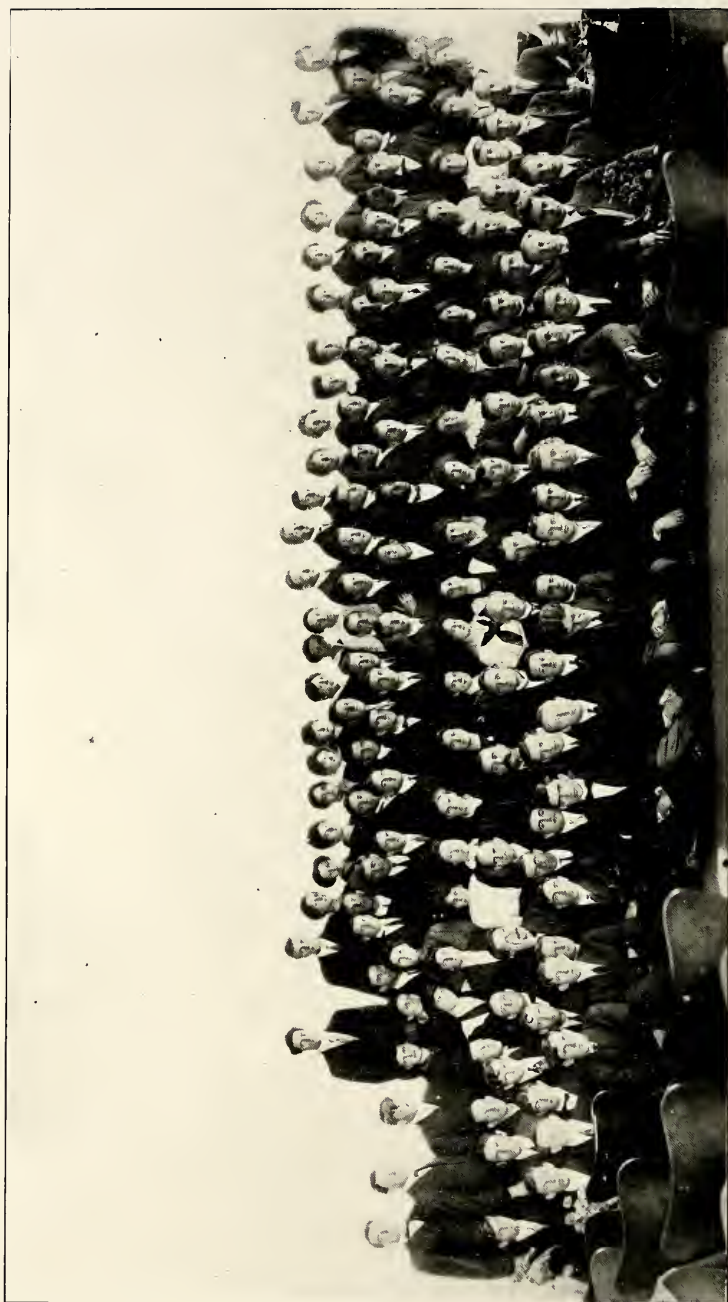
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The unique position of the I. P. A. in Taylor is indicated by the fact that it is the only large student movement of a civic character that emphasizes the moral responsibility of educated men and women in public affairs. It turns the attention of the active members and workers definitely to their responsibility for leadership and service against the greatest menace of the ages—the liquor traffic. It furnished a definite field in which to apply the ideals developed in college.

Here begin the series of Oratorical Contests that give the student the privilege of a deep study into the methods of the liquor problem's solution. These contests are an educational force of great power and popularity, culminating biennially in the Grand National. Taylor has made great headway to this goal, having had at one time a contestant in it. We have also won the State Contest several times; Mr. Christensen being the winner of the last and also receiving high honors in the Interstate.

This year there were eleven orators who battled with logic and eloquence for the prizes offered. Those contending for first honors are: O. B. Brubaker, Roy Ellinghouse, Joe Imler, J. W. Knight, A. C. Lee, B. R. Pogue, Clara Sauer, Sybilla Steelman, Charles Shaw, Robert Tressler and R. H. Williams. The winner, Roy Ellinghouse, represented Taylor in the state contest at Earlham College. But it is not only the prizes offered, but the appeal of the subject itself and the spirit of a National movement for a cleaner civic life that has made three contests successful and popular.

The local I. P. A. has also furnished men to take part in national, state and local campaigns. This year several will help the Prohibition cause in Indiana, while some will do work in other states more convenient for their work. Truly it affords a mighty opportunity for men of vision, for the men who see the strategic power at this critical moment of uniting the colleges of the nation for the reform.



The Prohibition League

## In Memoriam

On July 16, 1913, the death angel entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Abbey and claimed the spirit of little Alberta Maude, their eleven-year-old daughter.

On July Fourth she was stricken with rheumatic fever which caused severe heart trouble, resulting in her death.

Besides her parents, she left her twin sister, Eloise, a sister Iris, and a brother Vere to mourn her loss.

The funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. R. A. Morrison, assisted by Dr. M. Vayhinger.

During the service Mrs. Dollie Cripps Haddock, a former student, sang very touchingly "Face to Face," by Johnson, and "The Christian's Good-Night," by Sankey.

The remains were taken to Jefferson cemetery for interment. As the casket was lowered the teacher and members of her Sabbath School class and the members of the King's Herald's marched by the grave, singing "Jesus Loves Me," and dropped flowers upon the casket.

She was a member of the Music Department of the School, and took part in the Commencement Recital on June sixteenth, just a month before her death.

### TRANSITION.

Lines on the Death of Alberta, by Sadie L. Miller.

She may not come to me;  
The fine and brittle thread of mortal  
breath,  
That, unseen, bound her to this life below,  
Has snapped; and ne'er again may it be  
twined  
Together. She has crossed the threshold  
old o'er  
To never more return; and life on earth,  
Whether of joy or sorrow fraught for  
her,  
Is sunk with mystery in the vast unknown  
Of God's eternity, to be revealed  
Not to our finite minds; and God's own  
plan,  
Fixed and eternal since the world began,  
Is now complete, her mission here fulfilled.

But I shall go to her;  
The silver cord some day for me shall  
break;  
And I, unbound, shall cross the threshold,  
Then  
A life eternal shall for me begin;



## In Memoriam

Mary Irene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Parsons, was born in Lewis county, Ky., July 18, 1886. She died at Marion, Indiana, November 27, 1913.

In the year 1898 she, with her parents, moved to Marion. Two years later she was converted and united with the church, where she lived a consistent Christian life.

In the year 1900 she graduated from the Marion Grammar schools, and at once entered the

High School. She seemed to possess a great longing for an education, and pursued her studies with diligence. She also possessed unusual musical talent, and acquired considerable efficiency in that direction. While in High School she formed the acquaintance of Mr. Worth Peters, and their acquaintance soon developed into ardent esteem for each other. After her graduation from High School in 1904 they were united in marriage, with no thought but of a long and happy life together. Two sons were born to their union, Robert Wallace and Merrel Appellas. These, with the bereaved husband, a father and mother, a twin sister, and one brother, are left to mourn her loss.

The affliction which came upon her several months before her death weakened her so that she was unable later to resist an attack of pneumonia. She was a patient sufferer to the end, saying that she wanted nothing but the will of God accomplished. God drew her unto Himself. In perfect quietness she beheld the Saviour calling for her, and she passed on to meet Him.

The funeral services were conducted from the Nelson Street Wesleyan Methodist Church, of Marion, by Rev. T. P. Baker. A number of Taylor students and faculty were present, and the music was furnished by the University quartette. She was buried in the I. O. O. F. cemetery.

And loved and lost, to me once more restored,  
Shall dwell in one glad union evermore,  
Where parting words ne'er break the heart; but peace,  
And bliss supreme, and everlasting joy,  
Shall reign; and worship, love and praise to Christ,  
Who has redeemed and brought us home at last,  
Shall be our song thru everlasting days.



## In Memoriam



Jerome Snyder was born March 1, 1890, on a farm near Converse, Indiana. He attended the public school in his home community.

Jerome was definitely saved about three years ago and he gave his life unreservedly into the Master's hands. He felt called to preach the Gospel and came to Taylor University in January, 1913, to make preparation for this great work. He remained here the rest of that school year, but did not return to school the following autumn. It was not until September, 1914, that he again took up his work here as a student. He was a member of the Academy Sophomore class.

During an epidemic of the mumps in Taylor in the early part of March, 1915, he contracted the disease. Because of complications he became seriously ill. He was removed to his home and from there to Peru, Indiana, where on Sunday, March 21st, he died. Died? That is what the majority of men would say, but we may more fittingly say that Brother Jerome that day entered into life.

While we who were his fellow students and friends, and his relatives miss his manly form and his kindly smile, we still feel the influence of his godly life. The aroma of his character still lingers with us sweetening and mellowing our lives.

After his sanctification which occurred at Alexandria campmeeting in the summer of 1914, there was a marked change in him. His zeal and love for God was more evident and his feet were more firmly planted upon the Rock of Ages. His whole thought was of making his life tell for Jesus and during his last sickness and even in his dying hours he magnified the name of his Savior.

The funeral service was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Amboy, Ind., one of his former pastors, Rev. J. O. Bills, officiating. Though his friends and relatives were sad because of the separation from this loved one, yet they sorrowed not as those who have no hope, for the Comforter was manifestly present to reassure all hearts that for Brother Jerome and all believers in Christ there shall be a glorious resurrection. It was truly blessed to witness the triumph of the Gospel in this trying hour and the words of the Revelator fittingly describe the general feeling of the congregation. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: 'Yea,' saith the Spirit, 'that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.' " His works are indeed following him and not a few souls are rejoicing because of his faithfulness and devotion.

Since for him to die was his gain we feel that "death is swallowed up in victory," and we rejoice in the hope that we too shall triumph over death and hell through our common Lord and Savior.



## Literary Department



## From A to Z

A—is for Ayreses, for all must be reckoned,  
Gilbert, and K, and Dean first and second.

B—is for Browning, and a stack of the Browns,  
Who come from the various cities and towns.

C—is for Coulter, the Culvers and Chris,  
And also for Chalfant, our staid little Miss.

D—is for Durkee, and Druschel, called "Doc,"  
And Davis and Dancy belong to the flock.

E—is for Ellinghouse, slender and tall,  
Ebert, and Engel and Eskes, that's all.

F—is for Fletcher and Fales and the Fun,  
That we generally have when our lessons are done.

G—is for Grace, who in music ranks high,  
And also our suffragette, Annabel Guy.

H—is for Hobbs, and Harding and Hall,  
And the Hanson's, all five of them, both short and tall.

I—is for Imler, the janitor-man,  
And also for Ishii, who comes from Japan.

J—is for Jarboe, the Joneses, and Jewel,  
Besides Jeppe Jensen, who's come back to school.

K—is for Knights, we have two of them here,  
And Klepfer, and Kirk with his whistle so clear.

L—is for Leamon, and Leber, and Lee,  
And Ward Long, a Senior, here, too, you may see,

M—is for Morris, whose voice has won fame,  
And also for Mabuce, Miss Ethel, by name.

N—is for Norvelle, who's brightest on top,  
And Nysewander, too, must be named, ere we stop.

O—is for Olsons, seven in all,  
Some of them short, and some of them tall.

P—is for Peavy, it's Victor, I mean,  
Who all the day long in the "Campo" is seen.

Q—is for Quiz; 'Tis a sad fate, alas,  
When some T. U. student a quiz fails to pass.

R—is for Raymond, Helen, Bill's "Steady,"  
And "Bugs," her kid brother, for mischief is ready.

S—is for Scharer, and isn't it queer,  
That Schlarb, too, should happen to come in right here?

T—is for Taylor, the model of schools,  
And for Trouble, that comes when we don't keep the rules.

U—is for us, the Seniors, so grand,  
Who soon will be scattered in many a land.

V—is for Vayhinger, a maiden so gay,  
Whose favorite pastime is talking to Ray.

W—is for Williams and Walls, don't you see?  
Who always together just happen to be.

X—is for Xcuse, Xam, and X-test,  
From which all the "Seniors" may now take a rest.

Y—is for Yoakum, so tall and so slim,  
And Yeater, the printer, Why! we all know him.

Z—is for Zimmerman, who we all think,  
Gives us no mercy when using red ink.

And so I will end here my alphabet rhyme,  
And trust you will not think it's been wasted time.

## A Dream That May Come True

Last night when the ten o'clock bell rang I was still studying. My room-mate had long since retired, and was snoring ecstatically. Each heavy breath was freighted with tones of rapturous bliss. How I envied her! Soon my eyes began to twitch and, as something seemed to be pulling at my eyelashes, I looked up, to behold a tiny being standing on the bridge of my nose, and tugging at my eyelashes.

"What do you mean and who are you?" said I, snatching him up and setting him on the table in front of me. What an odd little being! There he stood, not three inches high, with a face like a kewpie, and a cloak of tiny oak-leaves, and with cap, gloves, and shoes made of pussy willow fur.

"How rude you human beings are," retorted my visitor. Do you realize you knocked my cap to one side? Well, I'll forgive you. I am Oak-leaf, the chief of the Tree Babies. Put on this maple-leaf, and pussy willow outfit, and jump in my machine, which stands just outside on the window sill. Don't raise the window, but go through the glass where that bubble is. I came in that way. We won't disturb your room-mate then."

I did as ordered and before very long, we were both in the machine, and riding through the crisp night air. High above the tree tops we rode. Presently we dropped down into a thick wood beside a hollow stump. A chorus of tinkling laughter greeted my ears, and a bevy of Tree Babies surrounded us. Each was dressed like the Chief, and held an armful of dry leaves.

"Pile them high," rang out the imperial command, and immediately the tree stump was filled with leaves of every kind found in the forest. At the same time Chief Oak-Leaf appeared on my right shoulder, twirled my extricated eyelash, and lo—a spark caught in the leaves and a pure cloud of white smoke arose from them, forming a curtain upon the blackened sky.

As I looked I saw a rich man lying ill in a beautiful room. A tall figure with a shock of yellow hair was the attending physician. With the brief but kindly remark: "We'll pull you through"—he left the room. When the door closed behind him, the nurse said, "I like that doctor, he is a man of a few words and unselfish." Why, that's William Stuart, the President of the Class," cried I. Few words! He must have changed. He used to monopolize the time of every class we were in with his talk, and as for being unselfish, he must have learned that keeping the newest song book wasn't always to his advantage.

Before my words died away, another picture had formed on the billowy curtain. It was a doctor's office this time, and in his revolving chair sat the learned Mr. Roy Ellinghouse, M. D. The telephone jangled, and soon he was engaged in conversation with his adoring wife. While thus occupied, the door opened gently and in tiptoed the notable gentleman, Warner F. Patterson, whom our government had recently appointed minister to France.

The wind made an unlooked for sally through the tree tops and then dipped to the foot of the cloud, sweeping my picture away like a mist. Undaunted, the fairy smoke again arose; this time I saw the interior of a magnificent church in Buffalo, N. Y. At first I did not recognize the handsome, partly grave man in the pulpit as Homer R. Kirk, but Curly Maple said it was he. In the front pew was seated Mrs. Marguerite (Bugher) Brown, beside her doctor husband. Nearby sat the pallid-faced scientist, Mr. Kenneth Ayres, Floyd Burnett, grown wealthy by inventing "brain savers," graced the church with his lordly presence.

The scene faded away and I seemed to be back in the German room at old Taylor. There sat Miss Leamon, Miss Zimmerman's successor. One student which she particularly enjoys teaching, said Curly Maple, "bears the surname of Williams. See, she is showing the 1915 T. U. Gem. She is telling them that Miss Mabel Park finished her training at the Chicago Evangelistic Institute, married one of the students enrolled there, and is now working in an African mission with him."

The cloud of smoke widened now, and a panorama of forms flitted through the air. I saw Emily Strong, in a Brown study, with a Miller, a village Smith with Bushey hair, a Hall Mott(o), some grass Blades, and an evangelical singing Rose; A'l Court'n'r. Then the smoke cleared away, floating up beyond the highest tree tops.

"Dear Oak Leaf, remonstrated I, why did you allow these old friends to pass so rapidly?"

"I'm sorry," he replied sadly, but I twirled your eyelash too fast, and that caused the trouble. But, he went on, brightening, they are all doing efficient Christian work. Look now, see that large tabernacle? You will recognize one of your class-mates on the platform."

Sure enough, there stood William A. Stafford. Thousands were assembled to hear his "raids on sin." Who is the lady in charge of the Business Women's Bible Class?? thought I. Then I knew her to be the merry eyed Sybilla Steelman.

Presently a huge column of smoke rolled up. At once, I recognized A. C. Schlarb, as the spirit-filled minister, of a Holiness church. His picture, however, gave place to a large City Hall, and on the platform stood Mrs. Lois (Vayhinger) Browning. Carried away by her arguments, the audience hung upon every word.

Higher and higher the smoke curled and twisted. Suddenly it bent toward me and I almost strangled. In the distance I heard a crashing sound and then—I found myself inhaling steam from the radiator, in my room, with the leg of my chair half way down a knot hole in the floor.

MARIE GIBBS.

## People of Prominence

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Now there's P. B. Smith, who loves Gladys,  
And Gladys loves Philip a heap,  
And if it were not for Browning and Lois,  
We'd think that they couldn't be beat.

But Browning he stands on the corner,  
And Lois she waits in the hall,  
If it were not for Roy and Miss Edna,  
We'd agree that they beat them all.

But Roy he goes calling on Edna,  
And Edna she makes fudge for Roy,  
If it were not for Miss Skow and Bushey,  
They surely the Dean would annoy.

But Bushey, he waits for his "Lily,"  
And Lillie she smiles on her Clint.  
If it were not for Schlarb and Miss Sharer,  
The Dean would sure give them a hint.

But Schlarb, he keeps looking at Ella,  
And Ella is pensive and sweet,  
If it were not for Helen and Billie,  
Dean would say: "No S. P.'s for a week."

But Billie, he makes eyes at Helen,  
And Helen smiles back sweet and coy,  
If it were not for "Vic" and Miss Johnson,  
The peace of the school they'd destroy.

But Victor keeps writing to Lucile,  
And Lucile, she keeps visiting here,  
If it were not for Perry and Ida,  
They'd drive the Dean crazy, I fear.

But "Mike," he keeps on loving Ida,  
And Ida keeps on loving Mike,  
If it were not for Steelman and Johnson,  
Their case would just be "out of sight."

But Johnson, he walks with Sybilla,  
And Sybilla thinks Leo's just right,  
If it were not for Williams and Leamon,  
We'd think they sure acted a fright.

But "Bob," he sure thinks lots of Myrtle.  
And Myrtle likes Bob, too, I guess,  
If it were not for one other couple,  
I think that their "case" would end this.

But I've come to a name that just won't rhyme,  
And of cases there's none that are sweeter,  
I'd tell you the whole simple story,  
If his name only had the right meter.

Miss Engle's the girl that he likes, tho,  
We will furnish his name on request,  
Now, if 'twere not for all of these couples,  
Perhaps, our dear Dean could have rest.

—*One Who Knows.*



## Militarism the Destroyer of Nations

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History reveals the sad processions of world tragedies. Nations and empires in turn rise to greatness only to fall. Before their downfall an inevitable evil has sprung up in their midst, the effect of which was the casting of the nations into oblivion. In them the forces of art and militarism rose to the highest efficiency, both of which seemed to be reaching out for the same principles; yet in their deeper sense they are destructive; all that had been expected of them.

Literary and military organizations are as old as civilization, and as inevitable as death. The first is that faction which strives for the conservation of human life by teaching man the value of civilization, the results of which convert the village of the savage into a beautiful city; makes the desert bloom as a rose. The other flourishes also with the increase of civilization; yet being the deceiver of mankind it betrays the nation, leaving it in ashes and ruins.

The advancement of civilization is the supreme ambition of man. Therefore his desires cause him to reach out and grasp the natural blessings in store for him. He fathoms the depth of science, literature and art. Feeling the need of higher principles he strives by legislation to control the powers of men, wielding them in the right direction. For history we find that man's success depends on the law of his own nature. Since man is not content with his own narrow experience he wishes to share the experience of others and add that to his. Thus he travels abroad to enter into other people's relations, to see through their eyes, and to partake of their joys and sorrows. The effect of this desire of man can be seen in that most noble nation, the people of which are the leaders of the world—the United States. Its magnificent beauty shines forth from every cathedral and palace, illuminating the heavens with its radiance. Its institutions of learning are overflowing with the youth of the land. Nature's gifts are being turned into the necessities of life, promoting prosperity among the poor, justice among the innocent, liberty among the people of the nation, the life of which is triumphant. The development of mankind becomes supreme through the instrument of civilization. Every leader aflame with the power of righteousness, and every citizen endowed with patriotism raises his vision to the heights of national honor.

Yet in this same nation the factions of militarism are working day and night, increasing in destructiveness with the increase in civilization. As a thief in the night it comes forth robbing humanity of all hopes of life, throwing them into the jaws of death. It overshadows the forces of right, lying dormant until the call from without is heard, when it arises with all its force, and seeks to destroy the root of civilization in its own nation, while playing havoc with the liberty of other nations.

Greed is the fundamental cause of international feuds, the real source from which has sprung militarism. This selfish craving of nations is the cause of the untold suffering among the weak. Belgium is overrun and trodden upon by a power which cares not for humanity. Her people are innocent, they were helpless and alone, yet prosperity was in their midst. Her beautiful scenery, the art of the ages, now lies in ruins. But it is not the destruction of her wealth in art or of her historical value which we regret; it is not that the land is being trodden upon by a foreign foe; it is not that thousands of men are perishing on the battle-fields. But it is that those millions of homeless mothers and children are being deprived of the necessities of life without cause.

Not only the weak shall suffer, but the mighty shall fall at the point of the sword. In every war of the ages man has suffered the consequences. Every victory has had its price. Every leader in the dreadful conflicts has received his reward, not in righteous praise but in scorn. Napoleon overran Europe. The result of which was a lowering of the people's strength and efficiency. In the present European conflict millions will die in the trenches; millions will perish by the wayside; millions will survive; yet what benefit will they derive? The strong arm of evil has reached out and brought unto itself the hope of the old world. In its clutches it holds the fate of nations and empires. Its call is to every patriotic citizen, it is a call promising them pleasures but prolific of misery.

Thus we see that nations are destroyed by militarism. Through the evolution of man he rises to the heights of civilization, yet, when this destroyer appears it hurls the people into barbarism. Through it men are enslaved to the desire for killing. Every discovery of science, every invention added to human power is immediately turned into an instrument of conquest and revenge, of destruction and death. Business of every kind, home life, civil interests, education and even religion falls down at the feet of the war God. Might becomes right, and justice an outlaw. Schools and institutions which transform men into social snobs and cold blooded mechanical murderers are its products. Yet all this being true, men continue to tolerate lawlessness and strive to make international conflicts the more complex, until humanity has declined to the stage of an international downfall, reversing the processes of evolution, and flooding the world with international strife.

But fundamentally this downfall of nations is useless. Man under certain conditions is able to see the folly of war. Men are the promoters of every right

and wrong act, the wielders of human reason. Therefore it is their duty to free humanity of the destructive agents which are permitted to permeate the nations. Millions of people know that militarism is wrong; millions deplore the existence of armaments; millions in every country condemn the whole system; governments upbraid other governments for going forward in this mad race which means inevitable ruin.

There are three forces in the world which will eventually bring about international peace. These facts are: first, war in itself; second, the arbitration movements; third, the gospel of Christ.

War is war's own poisoned draught. Every gun fired in this mad European conflict is as another nail in its own coffin. All hail the most powerful explosives, the more effective weapons, the frightful airship and the dreadnought. These are the instruments of the last violence with which Satan must needs vex the world before he is banished from it. Thus the dragon stings himself to death.

The arbitration movements have been wielded by intelligent men throughout the nations. At the present time it may seem as if the reason of man will not prevail; yet after this present world conflict has ended, man will then realize more fully the folly of war, and the value of the conservation of human life. In the past, arbitration has settled hundreds of international disputes without the loss of blood. Arbitration gives time for passions to cool; it affords an opportunity to find out the given cause of the friction; it costs a mere pittance compared to war; it carries the question of right and justice to the forum of reason; it leaves no bitter ranklings behind, no broken families, no international feuds; it removes prejudices and misjudgments and creates sympathy and friendship: It is not the sham way of disposing of difficulties. It means co-operation, promoting the true interest of the people. It creates moral judgment, and self control. Thus serious disputes are less likely to arise.

The inevitable force destined to bring in the reign of universal peace is the Gospel of Christ. This force goes to the root of the matter by proposing to make an utter end of sin. It does not treat war with a plaster, as if it were a skin disease, or apply a few stitches to a superficial wound. The race is effected with heart disease, of which war is the most obvious symptom. The Gospel aims at nothing else than a world wide change of heart. And it is being slowly but surely effected under the shadow of the cross. The movements which have been indicated are due to the operation of the Gospel throughout the ages: but the desired end will never be reached until the heart of men and nations are so changed that the condition which made war seem necessary shall come to an end.

The roads that Caesar built for his legions, proved to be the highways of peace for the messengers of Christ. The vast armaments of all the nations are working the same way, war is their purpose but in the logic of God, peace will be the end. Then His spirit shall prevail universally, all wrongs shall cease and we shall have the truce of God. Then the wolf with drawn fangs and the in-offensive lamb shall live together, and a little child—the Christ child, shall lead them.

—A. C. LEE.



## Boardin' House Bill

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To our efficient head waiter, William Stuart, this gentle jingle  
is most affectionately dedicated.

Our poets have sung of the heroes of old,  
Of valorous deeds and adventures untold;  
But none I will wager could cause such a thrill,  
Of genuine pleasure as Boardin'-house Bill.

He stands at the portal to watch us come in,  
With the heartiest "H'ye" and a welcomin' grin;  
And while we pitch into the grub with a will,  
He solemnly watches, does Boardin'-house Bill.

The waiters keep busy as ants in the ground,  
And fly through the hall like a merry-go-round;  
For all goes as smooth as the wheels in a mill,  
When run by this renegade, Boardin'-house Bill.

Thrice daily, at mornin', at noon and at night,  
He dons his wide grin and his jacket of white;  
And while hungry students are eatin' their fill,  
They give thanks to heaven and Boardin'-house Bill.

Oh, the days may be tedious, the lessons be long,  
And life may not be a continual song,  
But all is forgotten and nothing goes ill,  
When we get in the mess-hall with Boardin'-house Bill.

We rush to the dinin'-hall, hang up our duds,  
Sit down and begin to devour the spuds,  
Hot-knockers, hash, hominy, pickles of Dill,  
A hundred and twenty—oh, Boardin'-house Bill.

If you could imagine the glow of delight  
That comes o'er my bein', by day or by night,  
In mid-summer's heat, or in winter's cold chill,  
When I get in the dinin'-hall, Boardin'-house Bill.

So, here's to our hero, the man of the hour,  
The popular person in sunshine and shower;  
A hip and three hearty hurrahs, with a will,  
Here's luck to the mem'ry of Boardin'-house Bill.



# The Demand of the Age

Winning Oration in Local and State Contest '15

ROY ELLINGHOUSE.

Could Washington stand here tonight he would tell you about the crisis of the Thirteen English Colonies. He would describe the suffering and horrors of Valley Forge and relate how after seven long years of war the Colonies threw off the yoke of tyranny and declared to the world that they were a free and independent nation. Could Lincoln stand before you, he would tell of another crisis in the history of our country. He would describe the struggle of the civil war. He would relate the purpose of the Emancipation Proclamation which declares that America is a land of freedom.

Today our nation is again in the throes of a great crisis as she struggles the third time for national and individual freedom. She is baffled by an oppression worse than the tyranny of England and infinitely more wide-spread than the bondage of the negro—the mighty rum power.

This evil has woven itself into every fibre of American life. It has entered our churches and drags the ministers from their pulpits and the members from their pews to trample them into the depths of debauchery and crime. It has entered every branch of our government; it intimidates our courts, bribes our legislators and corrupts our laws. It has entered our schools, where it dulls the senses and depletes the minds of our students,—the future life of the nation. It has entered our homes and lures the fathers and husbands of happy families into degradation and shame; it drags the virgin daughters from the family altars and casts them into the house of prostitution; it entices the sons from the paths of integrity and virtue to satisfy with immorality their sensual and vicious passions; it drives the mothers heartbroken from their happy family circles to eke out a scanty livelihood for themselves and their babes in the sweatshops and factories of our land.

The liquor traffic recognizes no distinction of class. It inflicts its injuries upon rich and poor alike, upon the learned and the ignorant, upon the eminent and obscure. All are seized in the clutches of this evil and hurled into abject slavery; slavery which manacles the mind, enslaves the body and fetters the soul; slavery which saps the lifeblood of humanity and lays the nation prostrate at the feet of avarice and rapine, bleeding at every pore; slavery that knows no moral law! It jeers at the tears of a mother; it spurns the pleadings of a father; it scorns our laws of justice and mocks religion itself.

From every angle of moral observation the liquor traffic stands defenseless. For years it has been regarded as an ethical issue and yet it has not been banished from our land. The intense antagonism toward the use of alcohol today is not because it is so much more immoral than it was in former years but because of its heavy toll on our efficiency. "The thing that temperance organizations have been unable to accomplish, that a political party has failed to do, that even religion has not succeeded in bringing about, is shortly to come to pass." Alcohol is doomed! Industry calls for its abolition; efficiency requires it; and efficiency is the demand of the age.

The call for the efficient man, the man who does not drink, comes from every vocation in life. The brewer himself advertises for the bartender who abstains from liquor, though he sells to the factory man across the way. The army and navy, the mills and factories, the railroads and all other institutions of industry are demanding men who do not drink.

The Pennsylvania railroad has 125,000 men in its employ, but so rigidly is the rule of abstinence enforced that very few of this vast number touch strong drink. In 1913 the company's detectives made 734,675 observations, but found only 158 men who were violating the rule against liquor. Surely, when a great corporation will make on an average more than six observations yearly on each of its 125,000 men, it means to stop the use of alcohol among its employees.

In 1911 there were 1,500,000 men employed in the railroad companies of the United States. Most of these companies are included in the American Railway Association, which absolutely forbids the use of liquor among the men while on duty or the habitual use of it at other times. The United States Department of Labor found recently that 90 per cent of the railroads discriminate against employees addicted to the use of intoxicants.

Investigations have been made regarding the relation between alcohol and efficiency, not only by railroads but also by business firms and factories. As a result many large companies, such as Marshall Field of Chicago, each employing thousands of men and women, absolutely forbid their employees to use liquor at any time or even to associate with people who use intoxicants.

From the Lukens Iron and Steel Works of Coatesville, Pennsylvania, comes a remarkable story of increased efficiency through the banishment of the liquor traffic. Coatsville was once notorious for its saloons. After a riot and the burning of a negro, saloons were banished. The results were amazing. Coatesville became a desirable place of residence; but above all the accidents in the iron and steel mills were reduced 40 per cent. When later an effort was made to restore the saloons to the city, Charles H. Houston, Vice-President of the Company, arose from a sick bed and protested in court. He declared that if the saloon



was permitted to return, the Lukens Company would engage a detective force to watch the employees and the men who frequented the saloons would be replaced by men who did not. The Lukens Company did not intend to have the accidents in its mills increased 40 per cent when it could be prevented.

Go where you please, you will find the same story. The companies have come to realize that the total abstainer is worth on an average 21.5 per cent more to them than the man who drinks. "They realize that this outwitting of common sense, humanity and justice is responsible for many of the 2,000,000 injuries and 550,000 deaths that occur annually in American industries."

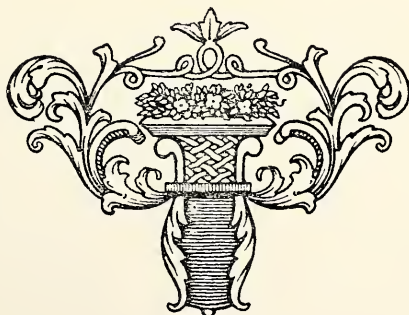
Let us consider now the attitude taken by military nations in regard to the use of liquor in their armies and navies. At one time liquor was considered essential to the highest efficiency of the army. Today we forbid absolutely the use of liquor in our navy, and we have banished the canteen from our army. Russia, France and Germany have similar laws, and the other nations now engaged in war have condemned the use of intoxicants in their armies.

The Czar of Russia, who at the beginning of the war forbade the manufacture and sale of vodka, made the statement a few months later that his empire was better off with war and without vodka than it had been without war and with vodka. Since the proclamation of prohibition in Russia, it is said that the productivity of every class of workmen has increased 50 per cent. David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a speech at Wales, said: "Drink is a worse peril to Britain than all the German submarines put together." He further said, "The British government is going to take hold of this question firmly." Why this action of nations in regard to the use of liquor in their armies and navies? Because experiments have proved that the amount of alcohol contained in one and one-quarter pints of beer taken just before the battle lowers the efficiency of the soldier by nearly 25 per cent.

The liquor traffic has been proved a detriment in every phase of American life. The economist says it wastes money, the scientist says it destroys the body, the statesman says it corrupts politics, the moralist says it debauches morals and God says it damns the soul.

Can it be that America harbors such a curse within her fair borders? Can it be that she has failed to hear the cry of the heart-broken? Can it be that she has permitted her industries to be robbed of their efficiency; that she has betrayed herself, her principle of freedom and her God?

Such conditions as this oppressor has imposed upon us are not in harmony with the soul of America. The evil challenges the same spirit that possessed our forefathers at Saratoga and Gettysburg; challenges us to attack this enemy of our land. Strike then countrymen, in whose breasts the love of liberty still burns! Strike patriots, whose blood is hot with indignation because of the oppression inflicted upon men! Drive that ruthless tyrant from our land! Then shall the banner of industrial efficiency and commercial supremacy wave in triumph over our land, and America shall stand forth as an emblem of purity, of justice and of freedom.



# The Call of the Heroic

J. W. KNIGHT.

There is a magic thrill in the call to heroic service that often leads men to perform almost incredible deeds of valor and daring. The frantic cry of a child impels the bystander to plunge into the crashing ruins of a burning building, and effect a rescue which he himself cannot explain. The ocean pilot will stand at the wheel of his sinking vessel until every soul is safe in the lifeboats, although he himself may meet death in a watery grave. Even the horrors of war are mitigated by the brilliant deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice so frequently recorded on the pages of history.

There is a present day call for men to enlist in the great cause of Prohibition, that is in its nature more heroic, in its urgency more imperative, and in its purpose more worthy than any to which American manhood has yet been summoned. It is a call for soldiers, not to spill blood, but to save it; not to rob homes and hearths of their choicest treasures, but to restore cheer and comfort and love; not to desolate cities and paralyze commerce, but to set the wheels of progress and prosperity spinning, until "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." The call is to a campaign more strenuous than was ever fought out with rifle and cannon and sword. It is a warfare directed against a foe more subtle, more cunning, and more cruel than ever cut its way through the ranks of the living, or heaped indignities upon the dying and the dead.

Like Belshazzar of old, this arrogant Rum-fiend sits in the place of power, ruling over the counsels of men; he clothes himself and his paramours in purple and fine linen, while his robbed and ragged victims writhe, and struggle, and sicken and die. Like some hideous monster, he stalks brazenly into the lily-gardens of our fairest homes, plucking with ruthless hand the tender blossoms, or grinding beneath brutal heel the little buds of promise intended to grace the palace of the King. He rides rough-shod over love, and tears, and tender hearts. He cares not for widow's sigh nor orphan's moan. His course is a course of death, and his policy is the art of hell. At variance with good men, angels and God, he is the advocate and ambassador of perdition. He muzzles the mouth of minister and magistrate, he strangles the new-born infant and out-herods Herod in the slaughter of the innocents; he quenches the joys of childhood, dries up the springs of youth, blasts the blossom of manhood, and sends the hoar head reeling and cursing into a nameless pauper's grave.

How long shall we endure his tyrant rule? When will outraged manhood assert itself? Who will rally to the white banner of truth? How soon shall this ominous pall of might lift its curtain of darkness, and the bright dawning of a better and more hopeful day break in rosy splendor over the eastern hills? Have we not long enough bared our backs to the tyrant's lash, and bowed our necks to his yoke? Shall we still bend our knees in servile obeisance and offer our shameless wrists to be bound by this demagogue of the devil? Let us arise in the might of God and sound the remorseless doom of this slayer of men! Let us leave off our hypocritical prayers and go out to answer them in the name of humanity and heaven. Let us cease to expect Omnipotence to do the tasks He has expressly left for us to do. If we will listen we shall hear His call. He said, "Go work today in my vineyard," and we have stood idly all day in the market-place. He said, "Fight the good fight," and we have droned away our time in the trenches awaiting reinforcements. He has left us to watch, while he endures Gethsemane's bloody sweat, and comes again and again only to find us heavy with sleep. What avails it to say, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak?" Will that answer the wail that rises day and night from the thousands of pierced and bleeding hearts? Will it wipe a single tear from sorrow's cheek, or soothe the remorseful sting of one guilty heart?

Fellow countrymen, it is to you the call is sounding! Shall it sound in vain? This call is not issued at the Capitol; it is not signed by the president; but it is the clarion call of an oppressed and heart-broken throng, our brothers and sisters who are daily marching by thousands to shame and suffering and death. It calls for moral heroes to will, to dare, and to do; for men of reckless self-abandon who will brave the bayonets of public opinion, who will charge up the hill Difficulty and spike the blazing guns of political intrigue; who will double-quick on the retreating foe, and drive him crushed and powerless to the confines of irrevocable perdition. This is the call of God, who hates oppression and champions every righteous cause. It is the call of humanity, bruised and bleeding at our feet. It is the call of our country as verily as the summons that pealed from the old liberty bell, or that issued from the pen of the great Lincoln.

It is to you, young men and women with hero hearts, to whom this great call comes. May you have ears to hear it, and eyes to see the unparalleled opportunities to give yourselves for the uplift of the race. Oh to catch the spirit of the real joy of battle; to see the vision of victory beyond the clouds of strife; to get into the brunt of the struggle where the fighting is hottest; to feel the thrill of the conflict, and fall, if fall we must, with face toward the foe!

Come up with me now to the Mount of Vision. Let us look with the eye of

the seer at America set free from the curse of rum. Let us look out with prophets' ken over her grass-decked hills, and where her fertile plains stretch in endless fruitfulness to bless a happy race.

Look yonder at the golden barley fields, that cover smiling acres near and far! See how the breeze of morning moves their bearded tossing tops, and wave on wave sweeps over the saffron sea! Each swelling grain, each well-filled head, and every sturdy stalk shouts out to heaven exultant hymns of praise that seem to say, "Henceforth our golden fruit, so long diverted from its holy use of ministering to human needs, dumped into blistering bins to rot and die, and then drawn out in deadly streams to damn the race of men made in the likeness of God, shall be restored to nobler uses. Where once we filled the widow's cup of woe, clad the orphan's shivering form in shameful rags, and turned manhood into fiends and devils, now the poor, the starved, and the needy shall be fed from our bursting granaries."

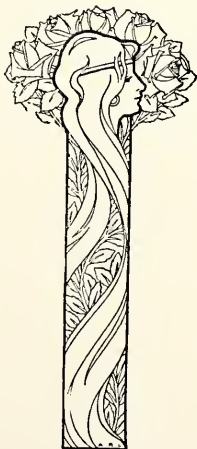
Look out again across yon broad expanse of green, where, nodding to the rising sun, ten thousand feathery tassels lift their heads above ten times ten thousand rustling leaves that gleam like emerald ribbons. 'Tis the corn! The crisp, abundant, stalwart, glorious corn! Listen! It too is singing to herald the glad morning, the dawn of Freedom. From every fluttering blade, from every waving top and silken ear, the voice of gladness rises on the air. No more my plenteous yield of golden ears shall be profaned to vicious purposes. Instead of festering in the cursed still, my potent life turned into scalding death to steep the souls of men in hell's own potion, I shall henceforth be turned into the marts of trade, and year by year make glad and strong the hearts of men.

Once more look out o'er those sunny hillsides where the long rows of well-kept grapevines stretch across the pleasant fields. Hark! On the balmy air, the voices of men and maidens are chanting the vintage song. Ah, what a different song! 'Tis not a hymn to Bacchus and to wine, to eulogize the ruddy flowing bowl; to quench the voice of virtue and wild revelry. It is the voice of joy I hear; the morning breeze, made fragrant by the purple ripening fruit, wafts to my ear their rippling song—

Rejoice! Rejoice!  
For Freedom's day has dawned,  
The night of death is o'er;  
The grim destroying fiend,  
Whose sable pinions long have cast  
Their hellish shade o'er fair Columbia's shore,  
Has met his doom at last!

Sons of Liberty! Daughters of Freedom! Do you catch the vision? Do you hear the call? Do your veins hold hero's blood? Then up, and smite, for the Lord of Hosts is with us! Away to the front, for the bugle is sounding the charge! And though the battle wax hot, and many fall on the field, though strength may falter and courage be faint, we will rally to the call of the heroic until, in the confidence of victory, we sweep across the last barrier and occupy the last citadel, until peace shall reign in all our borders and joy shall be the portion of all our people.

The above oration won first place on thought and composition in the local I. P. A. Contest, 1915.



# Prohibition Oratorical Contest

Shreiner Auditorium, March 29, 1915.

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Invocation.....	Dr. M. Vayhinger
The Prohibition Quartette.	
1. America's Legalized Destroyer.....	Alfred C. Lee
2. The Paramount Issue.....	Joseph Imler
3. The Liquor Traffic's Waterloo.....	Charles Shaw
4. The Call of the Heroic.....	J. W. Knight
The Prohibition Quartette.	
5. The Divine Plan.....	Sybilla H. Steelman
6. The Demand of the Age.....	Roy H. Ellinghouse
7. Our National Dictator.....	Clara E. Sauer
8. The Black Death of the 20th Century.....	Robert Tressler
The Prohibition Quartette.	
9. The Nation's Pledge.....	Barton R. Pogue
10. The Human Degenerator.....	Robert H. Williams
11. The Goring Ox.....	Owen B. Brubaker

The Prohibition Quartette.  
Decision of Judges.

JUDGES.

*Thought and Composition.*

Mrs. Culla Vayhinger

Dr. B. W. Ayres

Rev. J. L. Gillard

*Delivery*

Miss Marguerite Jaynes

Professor of Oratory, Marion Normal

Dr. Gary

First Presbyterian Church, Marion.

Rev. Gray

Temple Congregational Church, Marion



## The Passions of War and the Spirit of Peace

J. W. KNIGHT

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Ever since that tragic night under Gethsemane's olive boughs, when the impetuous son of Jonas initiated the first act of violence in behalf of Christianity, the prophetic verdict of his Lord and ours has been ringing the changes in the ears of the world, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Indeed the same sentence in other words fell upon the first murderer, as guilty and red-handed he stood over the lifeless form of his fallen brother. Nay, that awful indictment with all its inevitable train of far-reaching consequences, has resounded through the corridors of eternity ever since right has been right, and truth has been truth, and God has been God.

The reign of war is a reign of iron. The passions of war are the passions of hell. The spirit of war is the spirit of rebellion, of revenge, of murder, and stands condemned before the bar of reason, the tribunal of justice and the throne of God.

We have been taught from childhood that self preservation is the first law of nature, and it is certainly an easy lesson to learn. From the scratching, kicking infant who wages lusty battle against adverse circumstances, to the hoary centenarian who rallies his last feeble forces to ward off the death stroke, mankind exhibits the fact that he has learned his lesson well. This spirit, twined into the very fiber of the individual, becomes a part of him, takes its place in sanctions of society, forms the warp and woof of national policy and grips the world with relentless jaws of steel. What are the results? Nation rises against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; war and famine and pestilence shake the foundations of empires. The sword of man drinks greedily of the blood of his fellow. Gigantic engines of destruction belch wholesale ruin and slaughter. The ominous pall of the war-cloud never lifts its sable cloak from off the earth, and the smoking cannon is scarcely cooled before it is turned upon a new foe. The passions of the brute are released, the fountains of corruption spout their filth and the volcanoes of hell discharge liquid fire over the fair face of nature until all creation seems reeling in the final throes of dissolution. Is it a wonder, with such scenes crowding the pages of history and filling so large a place in the program of the world, that we have come to believe the lies trumped up by the military expert to the effect that armed peace is the only preventive of war, that ungarded coasts is public folly and disarmament is national suicide? We stand in amazement and wonder while the world is plunged into the most stupendous butchery ever recorded in the annals of time, and ask, Who is to blame? Who is responsible? Who brought on this war? We listen to learned discussions from pulpit and platform and to philosophical explanations from city editor and town loafer, but we cannot lay the blame at the door of any man or class of men or nation of men. The blame rests upon all men, upon you and me and every son of Adam who has shown the first symptom of sanction or sign of indifference to the prevalence of the war spirit in the world. So far as we have even granted tolerance to such a spirit, in just so far are we responsible for the conflict which is now raging.

Shall we still attempt to justify such a horrible outrage? Shall we plead for Baal? What has war done for the advancement of civilization? What has it done to encourage art, to promote industry and to further science? What can it boast as to the better regulation of society, the sanitation of cities, the uplift of humanity and the purification of politics? Shall we consider militarism, the acquisition of power and the greed for gold as sufficient grounds for such consequences as war entails? Militarists would have us believe that their doctrines are grounded in the principles of natural evolution. They profess to follow the law of the survival of the fittest, but it is a monstrous falsehood. Evolution is but the blind working out of nature's mechanical forces. Her laws were never intended for the realm of the spirit, for man made in the image of God. The stronger members of the brute creation slay the weaker only in obedience to a dumb instinct. Militarism, with the reason of a God and the malice of a devil, gathers the thunderbolts of fiendish cruelty in its merciless fist and hurls them intelligently not alone at the weak and helpless, but at the bravest and best. Militarism strikes not at individuals, but at social systems, at empires, at dynasties. Its ultimate goal is to set its heel of iron on the neck of every rival in the universe, to lay bloody tribute on every other claim to authority, to thrust its unhallowed hand into the sanctuary of the highest and pluck God from His throne. Away with it! We cannot tolerate it for a moment.

"But," says the war champion, "nations must maintain their rights, their self respect, and the respect of their neighbors. They must punish offenders, they must protect themselves by force of arms, they must, they must, they must." Whence, I ask, came such a sickly excuse for this most criminal of all practices? Can its roots be traced to the highest and most exalted philosophy? Is there foundation for it in the dictum of holy writ? Has it been given by special revelation? A thousand times NO! Whence then came the doctrine that men may, on special occasions, transform themselves into devils, trample every statute of society and civilization under their bloody feet, turn cities into human slaughter

pens, commonwealths into Armageddons, and set the hounds of war hunting down the sons of men? Look at the matter squarely and honestly. Does it appeal to the reason that an allwise Creator would institute such conditions in His moral universe? Could an omniscient Being thus establish contradictions in a world which, in every other respect, is perfectly consistent with reason and the moral law and moves in its prescribed course with the most absolute harmony? No. He could not, He would not, and He did not. His laws for the government of human society are as beautiful in their application, as harmonious in their working and as consistent in their results as His laws for the whirling orbs of light that spangle the infinite plains of heaven and make celestial music as they speed through the azure depths with the accuracy of the finest mechanism, and in all the code of His moral law there is not a sentence, not a word, not an iota that gives sanction to the practice of revenge, of self-defense nor of forcible resistance.

I am not unaware that most of us will be ready to cry impossible! impossible! But the last word on the subject of moral teaching, the summum bonum of exalted action for humanity, was laid down in the inaugural address of Jesus as he stood on the mount that day and faced a sinful world, whose law was violence and whose rule was revenge. He knew the world would never accept His word without a protest. He knew they would one day take His life if he insisted on preaching the doom to their system of moral belief, but with the ominous figure of the cross casting its foreboding shadow along the busy pathway of His life, He held a steady course and plowed a straight furrow direct to the goal of peace on earth and good will to men, and His way was that of absolute non-resistance to evil, perfect pardon for the malice of His foes, and even a benediction in place of a ban on His fiendish murderers. He said, "Resist not evil," and He lived as He taught. He said, "Give to him that asketh," and He lived as He taught. He said, "Love your enemies, Bless your foes, Return good for evil, Lose your life that ye may gain it," and He lived exactly as He taught. Who shall presume to say that Jesus was only speaking figuratively? Who will venture to believe that His teaching was meant for individual action only and was not intended for nations as well? If He meant it figuratively and lived it literally, I ask what, in all reason, was the meaning of His figure? And is not a nation composed of individuals, and are not the individuals responsible for the nation? Who or what is this nation which we call the United States of America? Verily, it is none other than you and I and all of us, and we may quibble over our worthless opinions and split hairs about the plain declarations of divine law until the author of all law shall weary of our unbelief and remove us. We may strain at the gnat of truth and swallow the camel of our idle sophistry, but if we wish to get at the heart of truth, all we need to do is to accept the truth as it has been given. We will never, never solve the problem of war in any other way. We may build our Babel of fine spun theory to heaven, but the flood of the years will sweep it away. We can thrust the truth aside and believe, if we will, that such a plan can never be carried out until the millennium dawns, but the principles of Jesus were not given for the millennium. The sermon on the mount was not an idle Utopian dream. The truth then is the truth now, for it is founded not on the shifting sands of temporal dispensations but on the bed rock of eternal God.

Let the nations that are so fond of styling themselves "Christian," adopt a few of the principals, which alone are sufficient justification for the bearing of that exalted name, and war will banish like a morning cloud. Let them banish the false ideas of wounded honor and injured pride to the scrap heap of the dark ages and their magnanimity will soon win for them the respect and admiration of the world. Let them expend one-half the cost of either war or armed peace in an honest attempt to conciliate enemies and maintain friendly relations with neighbors and peace will be established on a firmer basis than all the wars of ages have been able to bring about.

Commercial rivalry is not the cause of war. Competition for trade routes or territory is not the real cause. Misunderstandings and political differences and racial bias do not cause war. The germ of this frightful disease, both in individuals and nations, lies far deeper than all these; it is lodged in the human heart; it feeds on the humus of hatred; it is nourished in the soil of revenge, and the remedy must be applied at the seat of the malady.

We profess to live in an age of progress. We boast of our altruistic spirit and humanitarian principles. We fondly suppose that we are far in advance of all the philosophies of the past, and we are partly right; perhaps largely so, but there is one system which we have never yet superseded. There is one code written in crimson characters on the deathless page of one man's career which we have never yet granted even a fair trial, and while we have traveled nearly two thousand years onward since His day, while to the masses He is only a historical figure, though "the sands have long since been washed in the footprints of that stranger on Gallilee's shore," the living truths that fell from His lips are still offering the challenge to a war stricken world.

There is, there can be but one method. It is the simple method of the Gospel. Reject it who will, scorn it who may, it is the panacea for every ill that afflicts human society. It is the antidote for every poison that has racked the world with pain, and it is destined to be the one remedy that will relieve the convulsions of war, and ultimately fulfill the angel promise that so long ago rang out over the Judean hills, proclaiming peace and good will to the sons of men.

# The Doom of War

J. T. ISHII

No war is justifiable unless its cause or object stands in exact proportion to the cost in human blood and misery; and even then it is no longer tolerable since now there are means to avert it. That war is a blessing because it has brought political and social progress is false and has blinded multitudes to one of the worst evils in history. In most instances greater or swifter progress would undoubtedly have been made by arbitration.

Did war consume the weaklings and the criminals only, something might be said in favor of its aid in diminishing the surplus population. But instead it saps the virility of a people. The most vigorous men in a kingdom are to be found in the army, and these men generally cannot marry. Moreover, the bullet that pierces the heart of a soldier goes also to his home and his country, creating domestic sorrow, political corruption, and social stagnation; retarding inventions, discoveries, works of art, of literature and science by dragging the genius and wise man through the field of battle to an untimely grave. The Almighty alone knows how many Newtons and Shakespeares have offered their lives as food for cannon.

The law of biology asserts that no cross-current of blood can over-rule or modify the development of life. "Like the seed is the harvest." "The death of the strong is a true cause of the decline of nations." It is a healthy people that begets a healthy nation. Roman history shows that out of every hundred thousand and vigorous men, eighty-five thousand were slain; out of every hundred thousand and weaklings, ninety-five thousand were left to survive. Thus the empire perished for want of vigor and of men; and "this Republic also shall endure so long as the human harvest is good" for the progress of a nation lies not with the worst but the best of each generation.

So dangerous is the monster war in the economic life of nations that by it many a people has been plunged into the abyss of bankruptcy never to rise again. It is said that under modern conditions a victorious nation must lose more than it can gain in conflict; how great then must be the damage to the defeated! When we think of the cost of the last sixteen wars, of the staggering figure of \$38,000,000,000, wasted and 14,000,000 young men slain in those battles, with their earning power of \$28,000,000,000, we are appalled at the enormous price that was paid. But the powers of Europe today are spending more than fifty million dollars a day in a combined conflict to destroy monthly not less than 250,000 of the ablest-bodied men, just so dear to some one as your mother and mine; and heaping upon the rest such a colossal debt as can never be paid. Their guns cost \$85,000 each, and one of these guns can shoot three 1400-pound shells in a minute. Every time a gun is fired, it burns \$1,700 to ashes. The people's money is wasted on the sea, on the land, and even in the air, as though it had no value at all; while the starving throng cry for bread, their children die like flies for lack of food, and famishing girls as pure as your sister and mine, are robbed of their virtue at a startling rate. Such is the infernal harvest of wars.

But this is not all. Money never can pay the price of war. The demoralizing effect of soldiery upon society is still more shocking. "Most wars," declares the philosopher, "have their origin in the evil passions of men." Then Mr. Militant dare we believe in your sugar-coated doctrine of "National Defense," when we know that most wars are on account of "insults to flags," and other vain motives are really due to the irritability of human pride and temper? Men fight not because they are aggrieved, but because they are angry. The European troops today are struggling not for their principles but for their Czars and Kaisers. Even in times of peace, soldiers spend years in useless occupation, forming harmful habits based upon low ideals which tend to demoralize their character and that of society. A nation that guards itself with idle men is bound to sink beneath the wave of immorality. Listen to Dr. Jordan, "Every garrison in any part of the world is a standing menace to virtue. The white slave traffic is a systematized outgrowth from the armies of Europe."

But, what is morally wrong can not be religiously right; hence war is unchristian. In the heat of combat, when life and death are the stakes for which men play, mercy and kindness are forgotten, brutality appears, men curse and swear, watch the slaughter of thousands, wade through the blood of their fellow creatures, hear the groans and the gasps of the dying, and walk with stony hearts over the quivering forms of men made in God's image. Does this comply with the sacred injunction, "Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you?" What do the heathen think of the Christian civilization that invokes its God and sings His praises under the shadow of naked steel? Hark, they cry from their benighted regions, "Christians preach to us love and peace, but how can they love with bomb-shells and bayonets?" Christianity is love; war is hate. Christian war is just as impossible as Christian murder, and what an absurdity is this!

Furthermore militarism is detrimental to Democracy. The system of war demands of every soldier implicit submission to his superior. The very nature of unconditional obedience implies the surrender of the use of reasonable powers,



regardless of the soldier's will of conscience. Obey and live or refuse and be punished—with death, perhaps—is the only alternative. Is this freedom? We call it degradation and bondage. Where militarism prevails, personal liberty is despised. Militarism is the eternal foe of Democracy. They can not grow together. Witness Russia, yes, behold Germany!

Despite these undeniable evils, the advocates of war tried to convince men that armament was the indispensable cure for conflict. But we no longer sleep in the cradle of their selfish policy. We realize that armed peace is not peace and that the remedy is worse than the disease. Call the nations' vast armaments "readiness for emergency" or "guarantees of peace," whatever flowery title you may attach, and a world is an armed camp in which a spark may kindle a conflagration. See Europe burning now!

Militarism having been proved a failure in averting war and promoting national happiness, what shall we substitute for it?

The way to peace cannot escape the rule of success; it must meet thorns and thistles. International law must be established before international peace can come about; and before the law there must be justice which requires the development of the international conscience. Therefore, it is important that the youth of this age be instructed in the right ideals of patriotism. What we sow in the home and school we reap in the nation. The power of a nation is not measured by the number of cannon and the amount of powder it possesses but by the virtue and intelligence of its citizens. Hence we must teach the child, that might does not make right, that to be a hero in this civilized age, he need not fight with swords; but that he must exercise moral bravery at the ballot-box, rather than brute courage in the battlefield. True patriotism does not always consist in dying for one's country but it consists much more in living and in serving.

To create a lofty public opinion, the press must be employed to spread the peace propaganda, and newspapers be cleansed from the stains of "jingoism." The pulpit also must arouse a public sentiment in favor of international tranquility, and the church must send more missionaries to foreign lands to overcome race prejudice and unite all people in Christ Jesus.

Another capable ally in the solution for this problem is the influence of women. Whether voting or not, woman has become an efficient force in the national life. Her voice is unchangeably potent for peace, because she loves peace and hates bloodshed. In primitive times and later, when compelled by circumstances woman might have consented to war for the sake of life and subsistence, but it was always with tears and not with delight. And, in this enlightened age of reasoning, thank God, the day has dawned, when men no longer deny to woman her right. And, by the virtue of her womanhood, she shall soon have a voice in shaping the world where her sons and daughters shall live and not be sacrificed to the greed of a tyrant foe. Let woman be enfranchised and the doom of war will be sealed.

Now the last and most outstanding remedy for war is a well established, obligatory international arbitration. We have learned to settle discords between individuals by law and order; we solve questions between states by interstate law. We must now apply the same principle to the disputes between nations. Farsighted statesmen are already agreed that the day of pacific intercourse is near at hand. As the effect of the present conflict, an unprecedented hunger for peace is manifested throughout the world. And after this war, a conventional disarmament by all powers is anticipated; and an adequate police force will be maintained to support the international jurisdiction. This is a right method to achieve lasting peace, for law and courts are the proper and natural substitute for war; and when the belligerent nations come to realize this truth, and begin seriously to act upon it, the world will never again see such a heart rending spectacle as is now being witnessed in Europe.

Since war is a menace to economy, contrary to democracy, poisonous to virtue and religion, and destructive to humanity; and since the various means of abolishing war and maintaining international friendship have been discovered, therefore, resolve that militarism should be swept from the face of the earth forever. Farewell, armies and navies! Honesty and justice are our future protection. Nations will have disagreements, but for their solution, they shall proceed to The Hague and stand side by side at the bar of arbitration. They will plead their cause with all the eloquence they can command, and the peace court shall render justice where justice is due.

That is what we call "The everlasting doom of war!" "The glorious triumph of peace!" Let it come! Then, the gloom of the sword and the blare of the bugle, shall give way to songs of angels, and this wide world, in its profound reverence and joy, shall grow and prosper under the broad banner of Universal Peace.





## My Idea of a Gentleman

"La renoncule, un jour, dans un bouquet  
Aves l'ocuillet se trova reunie  
Elle eut le lendemain le parfum de l'oeuvillet  
On ne que gagner en bonne compagnie."

—Beranger.

A gentleman is not only good company himself, but he keeps good company. "A man is known by the company he keeps," and a gentleman associates with gentlemen. At least, that is the sort of friends he desires and cultivates. At the same time, he is friendly, kind, polite and courteous to all, or he would not be a gentleman. The true gentleman has love in his heart for everyone, great and small, high and low, agreeable and disagreeable. No finer ideal of a gentleman can be found than in these few verses from the Bible:

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."—I Corinthians xiii:4-8.

This is the ideal we should all strive to reach. It is high, but the nearer we attain to it, just so much nearer will we be to the highest type of Christian gentlemanliness.

The true gentleman proves his claim to that distinction by his daily life. "All is not gold that glitters," and the most brilliant exterior may conceal the heart of a cad. Mere polish and gallantry, attractive as they are, do not make real gentlemanliness. They are very desirable accomplishments and help wonderfully to produce a favorable impression, it is true, but longer acquaintance and association will show whether the man's charm is mere refinement, due to home advantages and good bringing up, or to the ability to put up a good bluff, or whether his charm results from something deeper, truer, purer, nobler,—from true gentlemanliness.

The true gentleman is so at heart. He need not come from a wealthy, cultured home; his manners may be unpolished, his clothes may be ragged, his language ungrammatical; but he will not stay that way. As opportunities come he will rise, surmount his difficulties, remove his drawbacks, and press on to the ideal. Something is within him to urge him on—his own innate gentlemanliness—which he can never lose, whatever misfortunes may overtake or difficulties arise. He may fail of reaching the ideal he has set for himself, but the very striving after that ideal cannot but raise him and lift him up on higher planes of character and culture.

We all have our ideal gentleman and our idea of a gentleman. The first is, of course, the higher of the two. The first is largely mental and may be so high it is impossible of attainment, while the second is gained from looking at those around us and associating with the noblest and best of our fellowmen, observing their daily life and manners. As Beranger said: "On ne peut que gagner en bonne compagnie." In our association with gentlemen, we get our idea of a gentleman and if there is anything in us we cannot but become gentlemen ourselves.

W. F. P.



## Taylor Men at Drew Theological Seminary

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There are in Drew Theological Seminary this year five college graduates of Taylor University. In proportion to her enrollment of college students, Taylor University sends more graduates to Drew than any other Methodist College or University. This speaks well of the scholastic standard of Taylor. To inspire in her graduates the desire to climb up the heights of learning is a worthy recommendation for our Alma Mater. It is positive proof she is true to her Methodist foundation and connection. It is a reason for her right to the moral and financial support of the surrounding conference and community.

The following Taylor men are now taking work at Drew, leading to the B. D. degree: Ira C. McNulty, Frank A. Wimer, Homer R. Chalfant, Jacob Bos, and J. C. Eason.

Eason is buying books, discoursing on theological and philosophical problems, playing tennis in season, and once in a while takes an exploring trip through the wilds of New York City. J. C. likes it at Drew.

Bos is as quiet as ever. He seems very contented and happy, and well may he, for he now has his long lost *rib*! Bos expects to take a student appointment this coming session of conference. Happy the people who will have the privilege of his eloquence.

Chalfant ever smiles; the very incarnation of stick-to-it-iveness, especially when you get into a conversation with him. He simply dotes on Hebrew verbs. At times (when he thinks no one is looking at him), he has a far-away expression on his face; he seems to see things—or persons—or a person.

McNulty is just as fat as ever. His chief delights are quoting Scripture swimming, writing letters, and preaching. He is not so happy as Bos; he has not gotten his *rib* yet. He has it picked, however, and when this gets into print, Mac will doubtless be married. Ira gets his B. D. in May, and will sail to India to preach the gospel.

The writer is the same as ever. Politically, Treas. of Senior Class. Athletically, member Senior Basket Ball team (a team that has lost but two games in as many years). Educationally, a B. D. in May. Parentally, father of two prospective preachers, and one deaconess; vocationally, minister of the Gospel. Locationally, Indiana forever!

In closing, we are all glad we are at Drew. On the faculty the various theological beliefs of today are represented. We are glad to get the different views first-hand. We are thankful we are rooted in the fundamentals by attending such a school as Taylor University. May her influence increase, and may success attend her efforts for the Kingdom, is our united desire.



## The Chronicle, 1914=15

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### SEPTEMBER.

September 22—First faculty meeting for the new school year.

September 23—Registration day—many old students back.

September 24—Registration day—students still arriving—first mid-week prayer meeting well attended.

September 25—Classes meet. Students get located. Philo reception.

September 26—Thalo reception.

September 27—Dr. Vayhinger preaches in chapel.

September 28—Vere is happy, Grace Ellinghouse is here.

September 29—Chapel seats assigned.

September 30—"Peggy" and "Susie" practice "that old sweetheart of mine."



The prettiest street in Upland.



Where Rev. Gillard preaches excellent sermons.



Where we leave with regrets.



In the good old summer time.



Ye golden Autumn days.



## OCTOBER.

- October 1—Male Quartette sing at Roll.
- October 2—Crowd goes to Fairmount to diamond medal contest; Charles Shaw wins.
- October 3—Philos capture thirty-one new members.
- October 4—Dr. Vayhinger preaches "Peace Sermon" at M. E. Church. Love feast at night.
- October 5—Photo of school taken.
- October 6—Miss Tingling lectures in chapel on scientific temperance.
- October 7—Beautiful moonlight. For particulars ask "Peggy."
- October 8—First day of prayer. Dr. Ridout raises money at prayer meeting.
- October 9—First Senior meeting, Mr. Derr makes known that he and Miss Chalfant "are in the same boat."
- October 10—Rain! Rain! Rain!
- October 11—Great demonstration for Mrs. Vayhinger at W. C. T. U. Convention at Brazil.
- October 12—Mr. McKane and Miss Bos elope.
- October 13—"Christy" backslides from Prohibition party.
- October 14—Dean Ayres gives a talk in chapel on matrimony and politics. Students hear Shively and Beveridge.
- October 15—Misses Banning and Olson have charge of prayer meeting.
- October 16—Miss Walls and Mr. Williams have a long conversation on the Dining Hall porch.
- October 17—Seniors decide to publish the Gem.
- October 18—Dr. Wray preaches in chapel, but is unable to keep his hands hid. (He had gathered walnuts on Saturday.)
- October 19—Rev. Gillard speaking in chapel about his first impression of an idiot, said: "I had never seen one before. I had not yet been to college."
- October 20—German table organized. Called meeting of the Seniors in order to decide about class pins; "nuff sed."
- October 21—Rev Pelt of Kokomo leads chapel.
- October 22—Oration on the European war by Prof. Wray.
- October 23—Speeches in behalf of "Echo" by Prof. Ayres and W. W. Long. Seniors elect "Gem" staff.
- October 24—Soangetaba Debating Club entertained the ladies of the campus in the gymnasium.
- October 25—Dr. Morris and family of Petroleum, visit T. U.
- October 26—Mr. Bustamante gives a lecture on Cuba. Miss Dill's parents visit Taylor and Mr. Dill leads chapel.
- October 27—Thalos organize orchestra.
- October 28—Seniors begin work on the "Gem."
- October 29—Prof. Shaw gives lecture "Miracles" in Christian Evidence.
- October 30—Shively fails to appear. Dean Ayres gives Prohibition Party speech.
- October 31—Hallowe'en! Parties at Wray's and Vayhinger's.

## The Male Quartette

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The Taylor Male Quartet during the past year, 1914, was composed of James Knight, first tenor, of Ohio; Raymond Stillings, second tenor, also of Ohio; Vere Abbey, first bass, of Pennsylvania; and C. Raymond Illick, second Bass of Pennsylvania. They spent the summer vacation of 1914 singing in Indiana, Michigan and Ohio. They gave concerts, sang for conventions, reunions, camp meetings and other gatherings where music could be made a part of the program. The object of the quartet was to represent Taylor University to the general public, and to get before the people the work that the school is doing. Wherever they went they gave the best of satisfaction, both as to the quality of their music rendered and also in respect to their representation of the school.

As a result of the travels and labors of the University quartets during the past few years there has been given a wide publicity to Taylor throughout Indiana and the adjoining states. Aside from the financial benefit accruing to the school from this institution on the part of many young people who subsequently entered school here because of the personal touch and influence of the quartet.

The musical training and wide experience which are gained by the members of the quartet in their work is a valuable addition to their education and fortunate indeed are the men who are chosen to represent the University in this capacity. Mr. Knight has held the position of first tenor on the quartet for five years. Raymond Stillings was for two years second tenor, and Vere Abbey held the position of first bass and reader for one year. It means much to truly represent such an institution as Taylor, but these men have done it in a creditable manner.

## NOVEMBER.

- November 1—Rev. Wells preaches at chapel.
- November 2—Shiveley speaks in front of the Dining Hall.
- November 3—Is the Bull Moose Party dry?
- November 4—Republican landslide. Prof. Shaw lectures on "Twice Born Men."
- November 5—No Political Economy class.
- November 6—Bull Moosers and Republicans lock horns over "fining system" in the Philo business meeting. Republicans win.
- November 7—Thalos have a peaceful business meeting.
- November 8—Miss Theresa Stephens gives her experience in chapel.
- November 9—Curry Expression Club give a Tennyson recital.
- November 10—"Christy" gives his Prohibition oration in chapel.
- November 11—Psychology test. For information see George Snider.
- November 12—"Christy," N. E. and J. D. leave for Michigan.
- November 13—Mr. N. A. Christensen represents Taylor in the Eastern Inter-State Prohibition Contest at Albion, Mich.
- November 14—College and Academic Basket Ball game. College victorious.
- November 15—"Susie" has a house party.
- November 16—Oyster party at Vayhinger's in spite of difficulties.
- November 17—Ruth Wray entertains in honor of her birthday.
- November 18—Dr. Wray executes a war dance in Greek class in an attempt to explain nepleonôto.
- November 19—Helen Raymond has a birthday. For particulars see "Bill."
- November 20—Patterson gives his version of "The House That Jack Built" in English VI.
- November 21—First Philo-Thalo Basket Ball game. Score 18-20 in favor of the Philos.
- November 22—Ah me!
- November 23—Miss Erbst, a returned missionary from the Philippines talks in chapel.
- November 24—A crowd of students go to Hartford to hear James M. Taylor.
- November 25—Basket Ball game between the "Kitchen Mechanics" and "Outsiders."
- November 26—Thanksgiving Day.  
     At "Christy's" a party of eight  
     Sat down to dine at 8:08  
     But I dare not relate  
     What this party of eight  
     In a tete-a-tete ate at 8:08.
- November 27—Supper and love feast in the gymnasium.
- November 28—Mr. Oppen, in Gem staff meeting—"Oh, write a short sketch about the Professors. We have some new ones whom I would like to know something about."
- November 29—Hiraide preaches at a special service in Shreiner Auditorium this evening.
- November 30—Psychology test papers returned. See George Snider and Vere Abbey.

The Beginning of Greatness.



"Peggy" when she was pretty.



Burch when he was good.



While Otto was good looking.



David dreaming about the future.



Olson wasn't always tall.



Burt when he wasn't quiet.



## DECEMBER.

- December 1—Dr. Ridout in Christian Evidence Class: "Mr. Kirk, have you read this chapter?"
- December 2—Subscriptions taken for the Gem. Very good results.
- December 3—Day of prayer. Prof. Ayres announces the finding of a handeuff (bracelet).
- December 4—Economics Class presents Dr. Wray with a pocket knife. Philos elect officers for winter term.
- December 5—Thalo-Philo Basket Ball game. Score 26-27 in favor of the Thalos. Inter-Club debate, Eulogonians victorious as usual.
- December 6—Prof. Shaw leads chapel. Dr. Wray preaches at the M. E. Church on "The Second Coming of Christ."
- December 7—Mr. Massena of Marion gives lecture on art in Shreiner Auditorium.
- December 8—Culver: "Have you heard the latest?"  
Hanson: "Oh, I don't know, I have heard some recent news."  
Culver: "Well, this is just out."  
Hanson: "What?"  
Culver: "Mr. Birmingham's mustache."
- December 9—"Peggy" and "Jimmie" wax poetic in Economics Class—"There's a reason."
- December 10—Mrs. Dr. Stout entertains Ladies' Aid, Miss Bennett gives reading, Ladies' quartette sings.
- December 11—Victor Hoppe gives a miscellaneous recital in the afternoon and "The Man From Home" in the evening.
- December 12—Thalo-Philo Ball game. Score 16-17 in favor of Philos. Party at Wray's. Good time reported.
- December 13—Blizzard.
- December 14—Christmas recital.
- December 15—Christmas cantata.
- December 16—Exams! ! ! ! !
- December 17—Students cram. More exams! !
- December 18—Basket Ball game between "Sinners" and "Preachers." "Sinners" win.
- December 19—Students leaving for Christmas vacation.
- December 20—Very cold. Chapel held at the Dining Hall. Dr. Ridout preached.
- December 21—Basket Ball game between the "Mutts" and "Jeffs."
- December 22—Mrs. Vayhinger gives a taffy pull at the Dining Hall.
- December 23—Party at Raymond's. "A good time was had by all."
- December 24—Every one busy getting ready for Christmas.
- December 25—Christmas. Mrs. Wray gives her annual Christmas tree in the gymnasium.
- December 26—Things rather quiet on campus.
- December 27—Chapel held in Dining Hall. Ruth Wray suffers from attack of tonsilitis.
- December 28—Crowd of students go to Hartford in a bobsled.
- December 29—The girls of the bob sled party spend the day picking straw from their coats.
- December 30—Mrs. Abbey and Miss Miller return after a visit with friends at Warren.
- December 31—Several watch-night parties on the campus. Watch-night meeting in the parlor.



Warm friends do not notice the cold.



Special for the Gem.



It is prohibited to say anything about Imler's Understanding.



Mutt and Jeff.

## JANUARY.

- January 1—New Year's party at Christensen's.
- January 2—Roy Brown, one of our Seniors, paid T. U. (?) a visit on his way back to Ann Arbor.
- January 3—Very cold. Good sleighing.
- January 4—Students returning.
- January 5—Registration day.
- January 6—Classes begin. Everybody busy.
- January 7—Prayer meeting closes early for benefit of students desiring to attend the meeting at the church.
- January 8—Society called off on account of special meetings.
- January 9—Joint program is rendered by the societies.
- January 10—Dr. Wray preaches in chapel.
- January 11—Mr. Massena seems quite popular. A number of students visit Marion.
- January 12—"Christy" makes an announcement in chapel of the expected visit of the "picture man," and asks every one to look their "sweetest." (?)
- January 13—Mr. Massena arrives. Takes some pictures for the "Gem."
- January 14—Day of prayer. General prayer meeting at 11:15.
- January 15—More pictures taken.
- January 16—J. D. Druschel in Thalo business meeting: "It is not customary to initiate Mr. Rhose tonight."
- January 17—Prof. Shaw preaches.
- January 18—Mr. Campbell and Elton Barton visit Taylor in behalf of the promotion of National Prohibition.
- January 19—"Snowbound." Miss Draper and Miss Guy go sleigh riding. For particulars see Mr. Abbey.
- January 20—Seniors appear at chapel for first time in caps and gowns.
- January 21—Prof. Shaw leads prayer meeting and it was a blessed hour to all who were fortunate enough to be there.
- January 22—Blizzard.
- January 23—Eureka and Eulogonian basket ball games, result in victory for the Eurekans.
- January 24—20° below zero.
- January 25—Ray Browning is called home because of serious illness of his father.
- January 26—Lucile Johnson visits Taylor (?).
- January 27—Dr. Vayhinger returns after an extensive trip in the east in the interests of Taylor.
- January 28—Dr. Vayhinger visits Christian Evidence Class.
- January 29—Basket ball game between Eurekas and Eulogonians. Eurekas win.
- January 30—"Jimmie" Knight goes to Twelve Mile.
- January 31—Rain! Rain! Rain!

## Who Started the War?

From a German Standpoint, by Warner F. Patterson

"Nein! Nein! Dot vas nicht so!" exclaimed Herr Professor Doktor Meyer in his excited manner. "Die Shermans vos not to blame in dis war, I tells you. It vos Russia, nottings but Russia. Donner und Blitz, mein Herr! Die cruel barbarische Russians wanted to go down und take Servia und all the other leetle states down there already yet. Dey vant alles, eferyting vot iss, und dey vos only waiting for a schance.

"Dann kommt ein Servian und goes und murders der Archduke Ferdinand von Austria und his wife und also—all der trouble begins. Austria mit all right asks for some reparation und Russia vont let her haf it und mobilizes her Armee.

Das ist nicht gut. Shermany can that not allow. Austria iss her ally und she must her help. Then, also once again already yet, Russia iss never gut zu Shermany. She iss uncivilized und she hass grossen Horden von Barbaren ready to shump down on der civilization und Kultur of der Sherman empire. Dot cannot be. Shermany must fight. Also—we declare war on Russia.

Dann—Russia ist der ally von France und also—send we to her und vant to know will she fight or not. She iss still already mad von der old war of '70 und she vont say—maybe she vill fight und maybe she won't. We can such things as that not let go und also—we declares war on her too.

Dann—we must fight—und schnell, schnell, so dot we ahead of der others may be already, und also—we haf through Belgium to go so that we in ten days to Paris may come. Dann—England gets mad mit us und she declares war on us mitout dot we anything to her do. Dot iss how it all happen.

Shermany did not start dis war, dot iss von thing vot is SURE."

W. F. P.





## FEBRUARY.

- February 1—Vocal and Expression recital. Caps and gowns make their debut in social realms.
- February 2—Edna Brooks, a former student and returned missionary from Egypt, gives a talk to the ladies of the school. Prof. Shaw's meetings started.
- February 3—Mrs. Paul Vayhinger arrives at Taylor for a visit with relatives and friends.
- February 4—Classes dismissed. Day of prayer for colleges.
- February 5—Piano recital by Miss Dorothy Nussbaum assisted by Prof. Edith Olmsted, vocalist.
- February 6—Basket ball game between the Eurekas and Eulogonians. Score 22-34 in favor of Eulogonians.
- February 7—Blessed day for Taylor.
- February 8—Several students have the mumps.
- February 9—Mr. Opper quite popular, some Senior girls quite anxious about their "photos."
- February 10—Arlis Marjory Young arrives.
- February 11—We have another "Jewell" on the campus.
- February 12—Arlis Marjory and George Monroe sing a duet.
- February 13—Last of the Philo-Thalo Basket Ball series. Philos victorious.
- February 14—Mrs. Vayhinger preaches.
- February 15—Mrs. Vayhinger leads chapel.
- February 16—Miss Jessie Salmon visits Taylor.
- February 17—Mr. Archer visits Taylor (?).
- February 18—Delegates of the Volunteer Band leave for the convention at Franklin.
- February 19—More delegates leave.
- February 20—Philos elect contestants.
- February 21—Beautiful day. Everybody goes to church.
- February 22—Washington's Birthday. Celebrated in expression classes.
- February 23—Farmers' Institute held in Shreiner auditorium. Basket dinner served in gymnasium.
- February 24—Miss Guy gives a report of the missionary convention at chapel.
- February 25—George Snider and Vere Abbey plot against Roy E. and Paul B. For information see Edna and Marguerite.
- February 26—Lukey-Jacobs recital.
- February 27—Mrs. Lukey organizes an R. L. T. A. Club.
- February 28—Last day of February. Alas!

## Who Began the War?

From an English Standpoint, by Warner F. Patterson

"Yaas," drawled the Honorable Archibald, languidly removing his monocle and gazing vacantly in my direction, "Those bally Germans stahted all this heah trouble, don't-cher-know. Yuh see the bloomin' Servians and Austrians were havin' a row all to themselves down theah, because the Archduke Ferdinand was killed, and Russia was doin' her jolly best to put a stop to all the scrappin'. When Germany interfered, don't-cher-know. The matter is all very cleah.

Yuh see, the bally Kaiser and all his blarsted Dutchmen have been tryin' for yeahs to staht somethin'. They were jealous of England's superiority and His Majesty's fine navy, don't-cher-know, and they were always tryin' to catch up to us Britishers—as if those nawsty Dutchmen ever could. That's bally rot. See? So thinkin' this is a good time to staht a row when Germany was already waitin' for a good opportunity, the bloomin' Kaiser went and declared war on Russia and France and stahted to invade the lattah violatin' Belgium's neutrality on the way and castin' aside all the laws of honah and war in general.

Of course, Great Britain couldn't stand for that and so we declared war on the German Johnnies, don't-cher-know, to defend poor little Belgium and help out other allies, France and Russia, but you see, don't-cher-know, if the bally dutchmen hadn't stahted all the fuss, there wouldn't have been any. It's jolly shockin'!—I say. But the bloomin Kaiser and all the nawsty Germans are sure to be wiped off the earth, don't-cher-know, when Tommy Atkins gets after them."

Here the distinguished member of the "beverage" paused, quite exhausted and lighted another cigarette.

W. F. P.



## MARCH.

- March 1—Another case of the mumps reported.
- March 2—Some students to go to Hartford to hear Bob Jones.
- March 3—Taylor Day at the Bob Jones meetings at Hartford.
- March 4—The great command.
- March 5—Culver gives a recital at the Upland High School.
- March 6—Mrs. Vayhinger gives a surprise party in honor of Lois' birthday.
- March 7—Beautiful Sunday.
- March 8—Dr. John P. D. John lectures in chapel on "Unselfish service to humanity is the greatest law of human life." He also lectures in the evening.
- March 9—Faculty meeting.
- March 10—The wreck of "the old college chariot."
- March 11—Prayer meeting.
- March 12—Inter-club debate. Druschel and Griggy vs. "Bill" and Yeater. Eulogonians win.
- March 13—Soangetaha debaters proved that we have two genii in the college graduating class.
- March 14—Prof. Lee preaches.
- March 15—King's Heralds give an entertainment in Shriner auditorium.
- March 16—Marguerite Bugher receives a "Brown" letter.
- March 17—St. Patrick's Day. Green the predominating color. St. Patrick's party at Leah Miles' home.
- March 18—Miss Goyings visits Taylor.
- March 19—Mr. Christensen's and Mr. Culver's home burns.
- March 20—Christensens move in the front room of Mrs. Schilling's home. Culvers move in the Sever's house.
- March 21—Jerome Snyder passed away after an illness of a few days.
- March 22—Rev. Hobbs, father of Don Hobbs, visits Taylor.
- March 23—Society Hall is greatly improved by new platform and new rugs.
- March 24—Spread in the home room in honor of Miss Goyings.
- March 25—Spring term begins.
- March 26—Miss Steelman decides she does not care to sit beside Mr. Tressler at the Prohibition Contest. For further information see Tressler.
- March 27—Gem staff meeting. No one knows how to spell "Ciangetaha."
- March 28—Palm Sunday, Prof. Shaw preaches.
- March 29—Prohibition Contest. Roy Ellinghouse wins.
- March 30—Prof. Shaw leads chapel.
- March 31—Mr. Opper preaches in ministerial meeting.

## Peace Oratorical Contest, April 6, 1915

Shreiner Auditorium, 7:30 P. M.

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Invocation

Selection ..... Ladies' Quartette

1. J. Takugi Ishii.....The Doom of War

2. Alice Eskes.....Peace Viewed From Calvary

3. James Knight.....The Passion of War and the Spirit of Peace

4. A. C. Lee..... Militarism

5. J. Raymond Derr.....The Nations' Hope

6. B. D. Nysewander.....The Dawn of Peace

Piano Solo—Selected.....Prof. Irene McCague

Reading—The Gold Bug.....Joseph Imler

Piano Solo.....Miss Ruth Wray

Piano Solo .....Miss Oseline Hancock

Decision of Judges



## APRIL.

- April 1—(?).  
April 2—Good Friday. Easter Cantata. Miss Olson visits Taylor.  
April 3—Joint program of the societies.  
April 4—Easter. Prof. Shaw preaches.  
April 5—Miss Guy receives a dainty little package done up in tissue paper and ribbon.  
April 6—Mr. A. C. Lee receives first prize in local Peace Contest.  
Dr. Vayhinger and Dean Ayres leave for Conference.  
April 7—Mr. D. A. Bloomster preaches at Ministerial meeting.  
April 8—Prof. Pickett, a returned missionary from India gives a lecture in chapel.  
April 9—Miss Walls and Mr. Harding entertain two members of the Gem staff in the commercial room.  
April 10—All the material for the Gem in at last.  
April 11—Miss McCague is heard to remark that she is awfully interested in the Prohibition League of late. For information see Druschel.  
April 12—Recital in Expression and Voice, S hreiner Auditorium.  
April 13—Mr. Knight asks Prof. Zimmerman for a game of tennis.  
April 14—Mr. C. P. Culver on time for class in Educational Psychology.  
April 15—Miss Pickhardt enjoys the day typewriting.  
April 16—Mr. James Knight represents Taylor at the State Peace Contest.  
April 17—Roy Ellinghouse is our representative at the State Prohibition contest at Earlham.  
April 18—Mr. G. Snider sings at Dunkirk.  
April 19—Some one asks Mr. Harding if he brought her a letter.  
April 20—Miss Walls and Mr. Williams seen on the tennis court.  
April 21—Mr. Olson collects laundry bills.  
April 22—Social reform movement progresses rapidly.  
April 23—Mrs. Brown, mother of Paul Brown, arrives for the Institute.  
Joint program of the Literary Societies.  
April 24—The Institute of Evangelism, and School of the Prophets opens.  
April 25—Rev. Jos. H. Smith preaches.  
April 26—Evangelistic services by Rev. J. H. Smith well attended.  
April 27—Dr. Wray lectures on New Testament epistles.  
April 28—Dr. Vayhinger lectures on "Holiness in the Bible."  
April 29—Dr. Ridout lectures on "Preaching and Evangelism."  
April 30—Institute being enjoyed by all.

## Autumn

J.W. K.

Lo, summer's golden days have passed  
away;  
And Autumn with its red, and gold and  
gray,  
Has come again, and over hill and dale,  
And through bare branches we can hear  
the wail  
Of moaning spirit-winds, that seem to  
call  
In sonorous tones, to creatures great and  
small;  
"Put on your winter robes; the time draws  
nigh  
When Neptune's cold cloud chariots sweep  
the sky;  
And from the frozen climes Old Boreas  
wild,  
Comes roaring, and o'er hill and plain, are  
piled  
Great heaps of hoary whiteness, and the  
air  
Is filled with flying snowflakes everywhere.  
E'en now the breeze is sharper, in its  
breath  
I feel a tinge of frost, and ice, and death,  
That will ere long the lakes and rivers  
seal  
With crystal fastenings, and the brooks  
congeal  
In icy fetters. But let us meanwhile  
Enjoy in all its fullness, the sweet smile  
Of the rare, glorious Indian summer days,  
When in far vistas hangs that foggy  
haze  
That lends the tardy sun a fiery ray,  
As o'er the eastern hills he makes his  
way.  
Wild feathered tribes have gathered, and  
are gone  
To some fair climate in the distant zone,  
Where summer is immortal, where the  
view

Below is fadeless green; above eternal  
blue.  
Across my path as o'er the moor I paced,  
The caterpillar in his tedious haste  
Went scurrying to seek his winter home;  
There to repose and dream, till spring shall  
come,  
Of gaudy wings, that some day he shall  
wear,  
On which he'll flit from fern to flow'ret  
fair,  
Through summer's happy hours. Upon the  
hill,  
The faithful dandelion lingers still,  
Studding the meadows with his drops of  
gold,  
Beside the brook and scattered thro the  
wood,  
The purple aster and the goldenrod,  
The last of summer's glory, faded are;  
Their winged seeds are wafted near and  
far.  
Thus summer's beauteous garb is laid  
away,  
And nature clad in melancholy gray,  
As in a shroud of death, till spring's gay  
dress  
Shall prove to us anew life's endlessness.  
Oh, lovely summer days, your memory  
still,  
Is lingering o'er barren heath and hill;  
And in my heart like some sad sweet  
refrain,  
I keep repeating o'er and o'er again;  
This is a symbol of the larger life,  
That's promised to the victor in the strife;  
Spring, Summer, Autumn, all must come to  
me;  
Then death's cold winter, then eternity;  
When bursting earthly bonds, on joyful  
wing,  
I'll dwell forever in immortal spring.

J. W. K.



## MAY.

- May 1—Beautiful day. May baskets in vogue.
- May 2—Wonderful day for Taylor.
- May 3—Bishop Oldham delivers several addresses.
- May 4—Some students go to the woods to gather flowers.
- May 5—Some couples think the Dean has Spring (?) fever.
- May 6—Very good prayer meeting.
- May 7—Faculty program in the Philo Society.
- May 8—Parliamentary drill in Thalo business meeting.
- May 9—Sunday.
- May 10—Dr. Ridout calls for special prayer meeting for the benefit of the debt-raising fund.
- May 11—Recital in Vocal and Expression Departments.
- May 12—Dr. Wray lectures on the "Second Coming of Christ" in New Testament Greek.
- May 13—Dr. Ridout in Christian Evidences, "Mr. Kirk, how did this chapter impress you?"
- May 14—Thalos give a Junior program.
- May 15—Philos have very interesting debate, and also Philo-Thalo baseball game. Philos victorious.
- May 16—Students take walks.
- May 17—Syrup for supper in the Dining Hall.
- May 18—Druschel seen on Spicher porch. They say this is nothing unusual.
- May 19—Prof. Gowen announces chorus practice.
- May 20—Dr. Wray leads chapel.
- May 21—Philo Academy Senior program.
- May 22—Soangetahas have a very interesting.
- May 23—Whitsunday.
- May 24—Very interesting Volunteer meeting.
- May 25—A number of called meetings after chapel.
- May 26—Pie for dinner in the Dining Hall.
- May 27—Chapel closes on time.
- May 28—Inter-club debate.
- May 29—Very interesting ball game.
- May 30—Decoration Day.
- May 31—Good day for tennis.

## Winter

J. W. K.

The meadows lie enwrapped in glistening sheen;

Drear silence reigns, no life, no living green,

Except the fir and cedar, and their kind,  
Spared kindly by Dame Nature to remind  
Us, that beneath the snow, and ice, and cold,

All safely tucked away beneath the mould,  
There is a germ of life, which, some glad day,

Shall once more deck itself in bud and spray,

To blossom and to cheer the souls of men,  
And resurrect dead hearts and hopes again  
The sun, low hanging o'er the southern way,  
Brings little comfort in his slanting ray,  
While wood, and wold, and stream, deep buried lie,

And icy wind his utmost power defy.

The billowy snow has fallen; every post  
And pillar, shrouded like a sheeted ghost,  
Stands mute and motionless beneath its load,

Like spectral guide-posts pointing out the road

To fairy courts and sparkling palaces,  
Where sprites and elf-kings sip from silver chalices.

The wild wind howling o'er the snowy waste,

Like some great ogre in tumultuous haste,  
Sweeps up the crystal dust in mountains high,

As though he would build castles to the sky.

Then suddenly like some mad merry clown,  
With laughter hoarse he blows his castles down.

The denizen of the wood, the timid hare  
Driven by hunger, seeks his scanty fare,  
In court, or lawn, or nearby garden plot,  
Where bits of summer's herbage were forgot;

Or if perchance he fail in finding these,  
A pardonable nibble at the orchard trees  
Must needs be granted, lest his hunger gnaw;

For cruel, pinching hunger knows no law.  
All nature thus seems in an ugly mood,  
Even denies her children daily food;  
And while hoar Winter shakes his whitened locks,

Jests at our shivering and our sighing mocks,

We hesitating stand, uncertain now,  
Where lie our hopes; whether beneath the snow,

Or whether we must look back to the time,  
When Autumn's gorgeous coloring sublime,  
Enraptured us with its tints of gold and red;

Or shall we leave the past and look ahead,  
With trusting waiting hearts and hopeful eyes,

When Spring shall smile at us from milder skies?

Past all old winter's storms and blasts unkind,

Like some ill dream, forgotten, out of mind?

Or better still; shall we not cease to cast  
Our hopes all in the future or the past;  
And live the present moment while we may,

With joyous bounding hearts. The coming day

Some unforeseen calamity may bring,  
And we are oft deceived by fickle spring.  
Likewise for bygone days we long in vain  
Past days are past, and ne'er will come again.

So while the flowers are gone and summer fled,

And dismal clouds the heavens overspread;  
While Nature in unkindest revel seems,  
And Spring, as yet, is only in our dreams;  
Shall we not brave the storm, the blasts defy,

And fling defiance at the threatening sky?  
Laugh at old Winter and his noisy boast,  
Set all his threats at naught, his snows and frost

Greet with a happy smile, and while we sing,

The time will speed away, and lo, the Spring

With budding life in every field and fen,  
Close on the heels of Winter will come in.





## JUNE.

- June 1—Mr. Harding receives a box of candy through the mail.
- June 2—Girls of the Speicher dormitory gather violets.
- June 3—Miss Pickhardt still plays the typewriter.
- June 4—Philo College Senior program is rendered.
- June 5—Field Day. Thalo program very good.
- June 6—An unusually large number of couples attend church.
- June 7—Dora Regester's recital in Expression.
- June 8—Miss Wall gives her last call for work bills to be in.
- June 9—Students cram for examinations. Dean loudly applauded in chapel when he announces social privileges for every night in commencement week.
- June 10—Final Exams. Parr Contest.
- June 11—More exams. Roy Knight seen with a new girl. Thalo Gala.
- June 12—Kerr contest. Philo Annual.
- June 13—Baccalaureate sermon.
- June 14—Gold prize debate. Hill-Sprague contest.
- June 15—Ivy Day. Inter-society contest.
- June 16—Commencement.
- June 17—"Jimmie" Knight leaves for Twelve Mile where he will receive his A. M.
- June 18—Students leaving, some to say "farewell" forever to old T. U.

## The Echo Staff



W. W. Long, Editor-in-Chief.  
 W. E. Yeater, Business Man.  
 B. R. Oppen, Alumni Ed.  
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Just out! The Taylor University Echo. It is bright, breezy and cheerful. It is just what you need to keep in touch with the great Taylor Family. It gives you the school news, tells you about the former students and the Alumni, and makes you feel that you are a part of one of God's greatest institutions of learning.

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## Alumni

William Louis Holly received the degree of B. S. and B. D. in 1902. He has won fame in literary circles as a writer, and has also been prominent in Chautauqua and Lyceum work. He is at present pastor of Omaha Avenue Congregational Church, Norfolk, Neb.

Maurice Parks Arrasmith is preaching at Adebalt, Iowa. He graduated from Taylor in 1905, receiving the degree of Ph. D. While in Taylor he was editor of *University Journal*, also was honored as Valedictorian of his class, and was president of the Thelonian Society.

Alfred G. A. Buston, A. B. 1900, resides at Council Bluffs, Iowa. He is noted as a lecturer and public speaker.

Robert J. Chrystie is preaching in M. E. Church at Oak Bluffs, Mass. He graduated from Taylor in 1900, receiving his Ph. B. In 1901 he received the degree of A. M. and in 1902 that of Ph. D.

Laura Belle Cline was graduated from the English Theological Course in 1904. She is preaching at Montmorenci, Ind.

Lowell H. Coate, who completed the commercial course in 1908, is principal of Idaho Holiness School in Nampa, Idaho.

Arthur Hugh Ayres, Academy 1905, is the son of our Dean. He is Assistant Professor of Biology in the University of California.

David Shaw Duncan, Ph. B., 1900, A. B. 1901, and M. A. 1904, is Professor of History in the University of Denver. While at Taylor he won several scholarships and diplomas in History.

Joseph Lincoln Gillard received his M. A. from Taylor in 1901; his A. B. from Syracuse, and his Ph. D. from Illinois Wesleyan. He is now located as pastor of M. E. Church, Upland, Ind.

Franklin Washington Gress graduated from Taylor in 1901, receiving the degree of A. B. He is pastor at Beach, N. D., at the present time.

Daisy Kline graduated from the College of Liberal Arts in 1899. She is at present Superintendent of High School, Franklin, Ind.

John Andrew Lesh received his Ph. B. from Taylor in 1906, his B. D. from Drew and M. A. from University of Pennsylvania. He is now head of Department of History and Economics, State Normal School, Marysville, Missouri.

Charles Wesley Sharer became a Bachelor of Philosophy in 1904. His wife, Elizabeth Hastings Sharer, also received that degree in the same year. They have been missionaries in India, but are now in America.

Robert Lee Stuart is preaching at Akron, Iowa. He took his Ph. B. at Taylor in 1906.

Frederick Chauncey Mooney was graduated from Taylor in 1896, receiving his Ph. B. In 1912 Taylor conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He has won attention as a writer. He is located in Elizabeth, N. J., where he is preaching the gospel.

Rufus Alfred Morrison—Latin Theological 1897, A. B. and A. M. at Central College, Huntington, Ind. He is pastor of M. E. Church at Elkhart, Ind., and is a warm friend of Taylor.

William H. Patton took his Ph. B. in 1901. At present he is principal of Boynton High School in Maine.

Thomas Bruce Bitler finished his academy work at Taylor in 1907. He is now attending Bangor Theological Seminary, and preaching in the Congregational Church, Bangor, Me.

William L. Burgess graduated from the Academy with the class of 1912. While in Taylor he won fame as a debater, winning several times. At present he is in school in Simpson College, Indianola, Ia., and has a student charge.

Walter S. Burleson received the degree of Ph. B. in 1907. He has a position as Superintendent of Schools in Mines, Okla.

J. Franklin Draper, B. D. 1912, is pastor of M. E. Church, Somers, Iowa. While at Taylor he was instructor in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and New Testament History. He also had the honor of winning the oration in an inter-society contest.

Josephus DeWitt Elmendorf graduated with the Academy class of 1911. Since then he has been Assistant Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Derby, Conn.

Irvine L. Evans, Academy, 1912, is in Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa. We hear good reports of him.

Mr. and Mrs. True S. Haddock were both members of the 1912 class. Mr. Haddock graduated from the Academy and Mrs. Haddock finished in Vocal Music. While in school they were both very active in religious and literary circles. He won the inter-club debate, and was honored with the presidency of the Philathlean Society. Mrs. Haddock, at that time Miss Dollie Cripps, won first prize in the Hill-Sprague vocal contest, and was also the winner of the vocal and reading in the intersociety contest. They are living at Millgrove, Ind., where Mr. Haddock has a charge.

William Henry Harrison was graduated in 1909 from the Greek Theological course. He is preaching at Marion, Indiana.

Nelle Baxter Davis finished her Academy work in 1912. Since then she has



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## Alumni (Continued)

been in training as a nurse at the M. E. hospital, Indianapolis, Ind., from which she graduates this spring. We are pleased to hear of her success.

Howard G. Hastings received his Ph. B. in 1905, and returned to his Alma Mater for his M. A., 1914. He and his family have recently returned to resume their missionary work.

Jose M. Hernandez is successfully teaching Spanish in the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. He is a graduate at Taylor, having finished his Academy work in 1911, and spent several years here afterwards. Mr. Hernandez is a Porto Rican.

Mary A. Householder, A. B., 1912, is teaching in the High School at Bladen, Neb. Pearl, who graduated from the Academy in 1913, is attending school at Peru, Neb.

Joshua Elvin Hoover took his Ph. B. at Taylor in 1907. He is now teaching in Illinois Holiness University.

Guy W. Holmes graduated from Taylor Academy in 1907. In 1910 he finished in Expression, and in 1913 took his A. B. He took first honors in inter-society contest as reader and orator. Mrs. Ella McClellan Holmes graduated from Academy in 1912. They are now in Texas, where Mr. Holmes is preaching.

John Theron Illick took his A. B. at Taylor in 1910, his A. M. at Syracuse. He has been teaching in different schools, but at present is Professor in the State University at Morgantown, W. Va.

L. Glenn Jacobs, Ph. B. 1909, is preaching at Denver, Ind. While in Taylor he won in Prohibition Oratorical Contest.

Yadeda Lozar James received the degree of B. D. and A. B. in 1912. He is now preaching and lecturing. Mr. James came from Persia originally.

Paul M. Jameson graduated from the college of Liberal Arts in 1812. He and his wife, Mrs. Lula Coe Jameson, who was once a professor in Taylor, are living at Otto, N. Y., where Mr. Jameson is preaching.

J. Clayton Kelsey, Academy 1912, is a junior at the University of Southern California this year. He expects to go to Drew for his theological training when he finishes college.

Charles William Jegras—Academy 1909, was a successful debater and orator while at Taylor. He was winner in the inter-society debate, and also won first place in the local and state Prohibition contests. He is now studying in Depauw University, at Greencastle, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kidder were members of the 1913 graduating class. Mr. Kidder from the College of Liberal Arts and Mrs. Kidder from the Academy. They are living at Vivian, S. Da., where Mr. Kidder has a charge.

Charles R. Archer belonged to the Academy class of 1912. He is now the U. B. preacher at Noblesville, Ind.

Taylor is well represented in West China at the present time. Five young ladies have gone out from this school as missionaries to that country; Grace F. Ellison, A. B., 1911, Expression, 1912; Clara Ethel Householder, Ph. B., 1911, A. B. 1912, who was also a professor at Taylor for a year; Floy Hurlbut, A. B. 1911; Gertrude Bridgewater, A. B., 1914, and Clara Caris, A. B., 1914. We are glad to hear such favorable reports from them, and wish them much success in their noble work.

L. Chester Lewis, A. B., 1912, was, while at Taylor, orator in State Peace contest, and also won the oration and essay in the inter-society contest. He was active in the I. P. A. work, having been Secretary, Vice President and President of the State I. P. A. His wife, Mrs. Emma Tanner Lewis, graduated from Taylor in 1913, receiving the degree of A. B. They live at Marion, Ohio, where Mr. Lewis is a successful pastor.

Verla Giles finished her Academy work at Taylor in 1912. Last year she graduated from the Domestic Science course at McKendree College. She is at home, at present, in Wataga, Ill.

Myrtle L. Powers, Academy 1913, is teaching in Western Holiness College at Colorado Springs, Colo.

Ernest R. Ryder is doing splendid work in the ministry at Salisbury, Vt. Mr. Ryder graduated from the College of Liberal Arts in 1912. While in Taylor he was prominent in musical circles, being winner of the first prize in the Hill-Sprague Vocal Contest, and also in the inter-society contest.

Arlington Singer, Ph. B., 1907, is having much success in his ministry at Warren, Ind.

John L. Ralston and his wife, Grace Guss Ralston, graduated with the Academy class of 1912. They are located at Battle Creek, Ia., where Mr. Ralston is preaching.

Hazel Newlon, who was graduated from the School of Music in 1914, is now teaching piano in Indianapolis, Ind.

Mary Yonan Nweeya, Academy 1913, is living at Minneapolis, Minn., where her husband, Rev. Paul Nweeya, is pastor of a Congregational Church. Mrs. Nweeya is a Persian, having come to this country when she was a child.

## The College Bell

---

The college bell on high is ringing,  
Hear its music strong and clear;  
Songs of joy to some it's singing,  
And to others songs of fear.

To the good folks singing carols,  
To the bad ones dirges low,  
Duties stern to all its heralds,  
To the high folks and the low.

To the idlers—condemnation,  
To the hustlers—Victory's psalm,  
To the thinkers—meditation,  
To the sad a soothing balm.

And at times, I fear, its ringing,  
Seems discordant to us all—  
When into our morning dreaming  
It intrudes its warning call.

When for meals the bell is sounding.  
We its rudeness then forgive,  
Gladiy to its call responding,  
For we say, "We eat to live."

Sweetly comes the mellow tolling,  
To the lover and his lass,  
When it sanctions social strolling,  
To the church, or hall, or class.

But sweetest of the notes it chimes,  
Are those which summon us to prayer  
In e'en our busiest of times  
They bring relief from worldly care.

To those possessing hearing ears  
And hearts awake to Duty's calls,  
The bell speaks volumes through the years  
They spend within these college walls.

Through sun and rain it faithfully  
Speaks forth with no uncertain tone  
It bides its time most patiently,  
Nor falters when its hour has come.

What joys will come to him who heeds  
The message which he daily hears,  
And, likewise, does life's noble deeds  
Through praise and blame, through smiles and tears.

Another lesson should I con  
And practice too through every day;  
'Tis that of promptness to respond  
To Duty, and her voice obey.

Nor should I longer vainly yearn  
To gain success in future years,  
If here and now I fail to learn  
This message which the old bell bears.

It preaches oft the solemn truth  
That time and tide for no man stay,  
Exhorting both adult and youth  
To do his best in life's short day.

Oh may we heed its teaching well,  
And live so true through every hour  
That when we hear the college bell  
Send forth its message from the tower

We'll hear it speak in prophecy  
Concerning things which soon may come,  
When God himself to us will say,  
"My faithful servant 'tis well done."

B. R. OPPER.

## Alumni (Continued)

Richard Ira Stone is having much success in his pastorate at Hartford City. He graduated from Taylor in 1914, receiving the degree of A. B. While in school he won renown as an orator, and also won the inter-club and inter-society debates.

John J. B. Morgan, A. B., 1911, and wife, Rose Davis Morgan, English Theological, 1912, are living in New York City. Mr. Morgan is studying for his Ph. D. in Columbia University, and is also assistant teacher of Psychology in that University. After leaving Taylor Mr. Morgan went to Drew, and was graduated from there in 1914, receiving his B. D. At the same time he took work in Columbia and received his M. A. from that University. We hear reports of Mr. Morgan's success in his work in Psychology.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Thompson, both graduates of the College of Liberal Arts in 1913, are living at Fairmount, Ind. Mr. Thompson is principal of Fairmount Bible Institute.

Taylor is well represented in Drew Theological Seminary at the present time. Frank Wimmer, A. B., Taylor, 1911, will graduate there this spring. He expects to take a charge in the North Indiana Conference. Ira C. McNulty, A. B., Taylor, 1912, will also graduate there this year. He is looking forward to India as his permanent field of labor. There are three of Taylor's 1914 graduates in Drew for further study: J. Clifford Eason, Homer Chalfant, and Jacob Bos. Mrs. Boss, formerly Miss Mary Kessling, Academy, 1912, is there also.

Violet Ward, graduated from the Academy in 1910, and took her A. B. in 1914. While in Taylor she won several scholarships. She is teaching Latin and English in the High School at Frankton, Ind.

John C. Wengatz, and his wife, Susan Talbot Wengatz, have for several years been missionaries in Angola, West Africa. Mr. Wengatz was graduated from the Greek Theological Course in Taylor, in 1907.

Harold Ryder, "Hod Tom," is at Norwood, N. Y. He graduated from the Academy with the 1912 class.

Burl M. Bechdolt, Academy 1911, is preaching at Roann, Ind.

Grant Compler, Academy 1914, is at home at Lovettsville, W. Va.

Albert Davis is making good as a school teacher in Nebraska. He was a member of the 1914 Academy class.

Fernmae Goyings, a graduate of the School of Oratory, 1914, is teaching Expression near her home in Paulding, Ohio.

Grace Wilson, Taylor Academy, 1912 is at her home at Belle Vernon, Pa.

Burt W. Lewis and wife, Maude A. Lewis, are living at Anderson, Ind., where Mr. Lewis is pastor of the Grace M. E. Church. Mr. Lewis took his A. B. at Taylor in 1913, and his A. M. in 1914. Mrs. Lewis was a member of the 1913 Academy Class.

Grace M. Ellinghouse, Academy 1913, is in training as a nurse at the Methodist Hospital at Indianapolis, Ind.

Raymond Cripps graduated from the Academy in 1913. He and his family are living on a farm near Fairmount, Ind., where Mr. Cripps went because of his health.

Frank W. Godwin, Academy 1914, is at Carlisle, Pa., where he is attending school. He also has a student charge, and is having success as a pastor.

Paul J. Vayhinger, Academy 1913, has a fine position as mail clerk in Chicago, and reports from there are to the effect that he is making good.

H. Clarence Alley, Academy 1909, is pursuing theological work at Garrett Seminary, Chicago, and is preaching on a student charge.

Charles W. Kinsey is attending a medical college in Missouri. Mr. Kinsey is a graduate of Taylor Academy, a member of the 1912 class.

A. V. Patton, T. U. Academy 1911, is located at Point Isabel, Ind., where he is preaching.

Edward Bos graduated from Taylor Academy in 1914. He and his family are now located in Sioux City, Iowa.

Orrel Allen, who graduated from the College of Liberal Arts in 1913, is teaching school in Barnes, Kan.

Fern Pugh is at home on the farm near Upland, Ind. Miss Pugh graduated from the Academy in 1914.

Flora E. Brooks is teaching school at Broadripple, Ind. Miss Brooks is a graduate of Taylor University, receiving the degrees of A. B., in 1913.

Edward Antle, Academy 1913, is at Depauw University, Greencastle, Ind.

Mabel L. Snead, Academy 1909, is teaching in the Industrial Institute at Golden, North Carolina. Her father has charge of this school.

Lester L. C. Wisner is a teacher in the Upland schools. Mr. Wisner graduated from the Academy in 1909.

Hansel Garrison, an Oratorical graduate of Taylor in 1909, has taken a ranch in Calgary, Canada.

Anton Hettelsater, who graduated from the Academy in 1913, has work at present in Chicago.

Lois Allen, who is a graduate of the Vocal Department of the School of Music in 1914, and her friend, Eva Burlette, are doing evangelistic singing in

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Sonata Pathetique ..... *Beethoven*

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### Part II.

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Impromptu ..... *Schubert*  
Liebestraume ..... *Liszt*  
Sextette "Lucia" (left hand) ..... *Leshetizky*

---

### Part III.

La Capricieuse ..... *Chopin*  
Nocturne op. 37 No. 2 ..... *Chopin*  
Polonaise A Flat ..... *Chopin*



Maine and Massachusetts. Both are talented singers and won several prizes in vocal while at Taylor.

Pearl Householder graduated from the Academy in 1913. She is now attending school at Peru, Neb.

Lilia Sowash Crabtree finished the English Theological Course in 1912. The Crabtrees are living in Maine.

H. Rodney Anderson, Academy 1911, is in business at Denver, Colo.. While at Taylor Mr. Anderson was prominent in social, religious and literary circles.

Taylor has a right to be proud of one of her alumni—George Wood Anderson, A. B., 1898. Mr. Anderson has been pastor of several large churches in the East, and at present is conducting large revival campaigns and having wonderful success.

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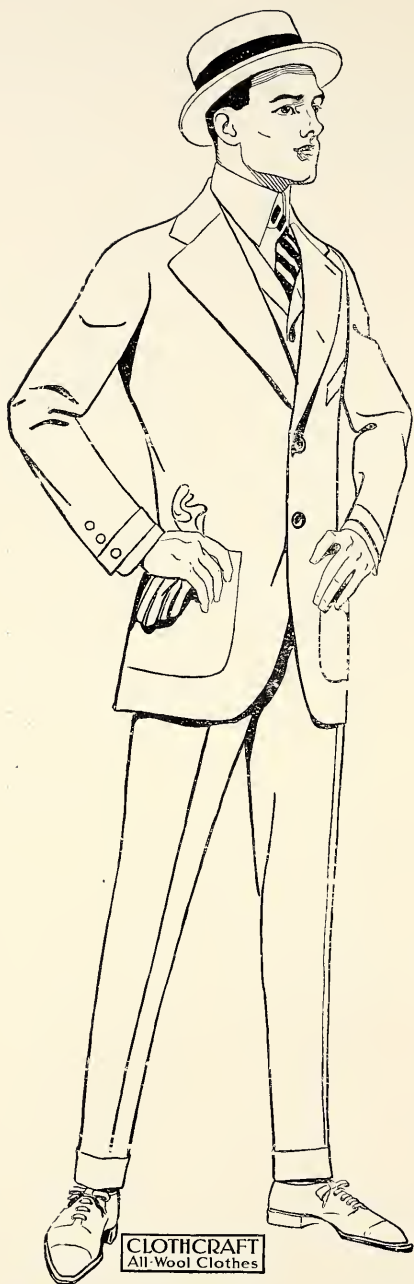
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